



CHRIST's
PASSION.
A
TRAGEDY;
WITH
Annotations.

By GEORGE SANDYS,
Author of the *Paraphrase on the Psalms*,
and *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, &c.

The Second EDITION, Illustrated
with SCULPTURES.

L O N D O N,

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CHRIST

MISSION

A

TRAGEDY

WITH

A PROLOGUE

BY GEORGE SANDYS

Author of the Poems on the History
and of the History of the

THIRD EDITION, 1784

AND SCOTLAND

LONDON

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in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

TO THE
KING'S

Most Excellent

MAJESTY.

SIR,

I Am bold to present you
with this Piece of the
PASSION, the Ori-
ginal designed by the
curious Pensil of *Grotius* ;
whose former Afflictions
seem to have taught him
pliable Passions, and Art to
A 3 rule

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rule the Affections of others ;
cloathing the saddest of Sub-
jects in the suitable Attire of
Tragedy , nor without the
Example of two ancient
Fathers of the Primitive
Church, *Apollinarius* and *Na-
zianzen*. This is, of both the
Testaments, a pathetical Ab-
stract. Those formidable
Wonders, effected by God,
in his own Commonwealth :
Those stupendious Miracles,
for Truth , a Pattern to all
History ; for Strangeness, to
all Fables ; here meet together
to attend on *CHRIST'S*
PASSION. The Effects
of his Power here sweetly
end

The Epistle Dedicatory.

end in those of his Mercy :
And that terrible Lord of
Hosts is now this meek God
of Peace ; reconciling all to
one another , and Mankind
to Himself. *SIR* , In this
Change of Language, I am
no punctual Interpreter : A
Way as Servile as Ungrace-
ful. There is a Fault, which
Painters call, *Too much to the*
Life. *Quintilian* censures One,
that he more affected Simi-
litude than Beauty ; who
would have shewn greater
Skill, if less of Resemblance.
The same in Poetry is con-
demned by *Horace* , of that
Art the great Law-giver.

A 4 Thus,

“ *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Thus, in the Shadow of Your
Absence, dismiss'd from Arms
by an Act of Time, have I, in
what I was able, continued to
serve You,

The humblest of

Your Majesty's Servants,

George Sandys.

The

ur
ms
in
to

TO THE
READER.

s.

T*He Tragedy of* CHRIST'S
PASSION *was first writ-*
ten in Greek by Apollina-
rius of Laodicea, Bishop of Hie-
ropolis ; And after, by Gregory
Nazianzen. Though this , now
extant in his, is, by some, ascri-
bed to the former ; by others, ac-
counted supposititious, as not agree-
ing with his Strain in the rest of
his Poems : which might alter that
Particular upon his Imitation of
Euri-

be

To the Reader.

Euripides. *But* Hugo Grotius, *of late, hath transcended all on this Argument : Whose Steps afar off I follow.*

T O

13

T O T H E A U T H O R.

O Ur Ages Wonder ; by thy Birth, the Fame
Of *Belgia* ; by thy Banishment, the Shame :
Who to more Knowledg younger didst arrive,
Than forward *Glancias*, yet art still alive.
Whose Masters oft (for suddenly you grew
To equal, and pass those, and need no new)
To see how soon, how far thy Wit could reach,
Sat down to wonder, when they came to teach.
Oft then would *Scaliger* contented be,
To leave to mend all Times to polish thee ;
And of that Pains Effect did highlier boast,
Than had he gain'd all that his (a) Fathers lost ;
When thy *Capella* read (which, till thy Hand
Had clear'd, few grave and learn'd did understand ,
Though well thou might'st, at such a tender Age
Have made ten Lessons of the plainest Page)
That King of Criticks stood amaz'd to see
A Work so like his own set forth by thee :

(a) *Veronas.*

To the Author.

Nor with less Wonder on that Work did look,
Than if the (b) Bridegroom had begot the Book;
To whom thy Age and Act seem'd to unite
At once the Youth of *Phæbus* and the Light:
Thence lov'd thee with a never-dying Flame,
As the adopted Heir to all his Fame;
For which Care, Wonder, Love, thy riper Days
Paid him with just, and with eternal Praise:
Who gain'd more Honour from one Verse of thine,
Than all the Canes of his Princely Line.
In that he joy'd, and that oppos'd to all;
To *Titius* Spight, to hungry *Schoppius* Gall;
To what (with Cause disguis'd) (c) *Bonarccius* writes,
To *Delrio's* Rage, and all his *Loyolites*.
But tho' to thee each Tongue, each Art be known,
As all thy Time that had employ'd alone;
Though Truth do naked to thy Sight appear,
And scarce can we doubt more than thou canst clear;
Though thou at once dost different Glories joyn,
A lofty Poet, and a deep Divine;
Canst in the purest Phrase cloath solid Sense,
Scevola's Law in *Tully's* Eloquence;
Though thy Employments have excell'd thy Pen;
Shew'd thee much skill'd in Books, but more in Men;
And prov'd thou canst, at the same easie Rate,
Correct an Author, and uphold a State:

(b) *Mercury*, in it, marries Philosophy.

(c) *Scribanus* justly ashamed of his right Name.

Though

To the Author.

Though this rare Praise do a full Truth appear
To *Spain* and *Germany*, who more do fear
(Since thou thy Aid didst to that State afford)
The *Swedish* Counsels than the *Swedish* Sword:
All this yet of thy Worth makes but a part,
And we admire thy Head less than thy Heart;
Which (when in Want) yet was too brave to close
(Tho' woo'd) with thy ungrateful Country's Foes:
When their chief Ministers strove to entice,
And would have bought thee at whatever Price.
Since all our Praise and Wonder is too small
For each of these, what shall we give for all?
All that we can, we do; a Pen divine,
And differing only in the Tongue from thine,
Doth thy choice Labours with Success rehearse,
And to another World transplants thy Verse,
At the same heighth to which before they rose,
When they forc'd Wonder from unwilling Foes.
Now *Thames*, with *Ganges*, may thy Labours praise,
Which there(*d*) breed Faith, and here Devotion raise.
Though your Acquaintance all of Worth pursue,
And count it Honour to be known to you;
I dare affirm, your Catalogue does grace
No one who better doth deserve a Place:
None hath a larger Heart, a fuller Head;
For he hath seen as much as you have read:

(*d*) His *De veritate Religionis Christianae*, intended to convert the *Indians*.

The

To the Author.

The nearer Countries past, his Steps have prest
The new found World, and trod the sacred East;
Where his Brows dew, the lofty Palms do rise,
Where the proud Pyramids invade the Skies;
And, as all think, who his rare Friendship own,
Deserves no less a Journey to be known.

Ulysses, if we trust the *Grecian* Song,
Travell'd not far, but was a Prisoner long,
To that by Tempest forc'd; nor did his Voice
Relate his Fate: His Travels were his Choice;
And all those numerous Realms (return'd agen)
Anew he travell'd over with his Pen.

And, *Homer* to himself, doth entertain
With Truths more useful than his Muse could sain.
Next, *Ovid's* Transformations he translates
With such rare Art, that those which he relates
Yield to this Transmutation; and the Change
Of Men to Birds and Trees appears not strange.

Next, the Poetick Parts of Scripture on
His Loom he weaves; and *Job* and *Solomon*
His Pen restores, with all that heavenly Quire;
And shake the Dust from *David's* solemn Lire:
For which, from all, with just Consent, he wan
The Title of the *English Buchanan*.

Now to you both, great Pair, indebted thus,
And like to be, be pleas'd to succour us
With some Instructions, that it may be said,
Though nothing cost, we would that all were paid.
Let us, at least, be honest Bankrupts thought;
For now we are so far from offering ought,

Which

Which from our mighty Debt some part might take,
Alas ! we cannot tell what Wish to make.
For, though you boast not of the Wealth of *Inde*,
And, though no Diadems your Temples bind,
No Power or Riches equals your Renown ; (Crown.
And they which wear such Wreaths, need not a
Souls which your high and sacred Raptures know,
Nor by Sin humbled to our Thoughts below,
Who whil'st of Heaven the glories they recite
Find it within, and feel the joys they write,
Above the reach or stroke of Fortune live,
Not valuing what she can inflict or give :
For low desires depress the loftiest state,
But who looks down on vice, looks down on Fate.

FALKLAND.

T H E

THE PERSONS.

Jesus.

Chorus of Jewish Women.

Peter,

Pontius Pilate.

Caiaphas.

Judas.

The Jews.

First Nuncius.

Second Nuncius.

Chorus of Roman Souldiers.

Joseph of Arimathea.

Nicodemus.

John.

Mary the Mother of Jesus.

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1685.

ROBERT MIDGELT.

THE





*And as they did eat, Iesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake
and gave it to his disciples, and said, take, eat, this is my body: as: a b.*

Christ's Passion &c.

ACT I.

7 E S U S.

O Thou who govern'st what thou didst create
With equal Sway, great Arbitrer of Fate,
The Worlds Almighty Father; I, thy Son,
Though born in Time, before his Course begun;
Thus far my Deeds have answered thy Commands:
If more remain, my Zeal prepared stands
To execute thy Charge: all that I fear,
All that I hate, I shall with patience bear;
No Misery refuse, no Toil, nor Shame:
I know for this into the World I came.
And yet how long shall these Extreame endure!
What Day or Night have known my Life secure!
My Burthen, by enduring, heavier grows;
And present Ills a Way to worse disclose.
My Kingdom, Heaven, I left, to visit Earth
And suffer'd Banishment before my Birth.

B

Ar

An unknown Infant, in a Stable born,
Lodg'd in a Manger; little, poor, forlorn,
And miserable: Though so vile a Thing,
Yet worthy of the Envy of a King.

Two Years scarce yet compleat, too old was thought
By *Herod's* Fears: While I alone was sought,
The bloody Sword (a) *Ephratian* Dames deprives
Of their dear Babes; through Wounds they exhal'd
Secur'd by flying to a foreign Clime, (their Lives,
The Tyrant, through his Errour, lost his Crime.
A thousand Miracles have made me known
Through all the World, and my Extraction shown.
Envy against me raves: Yet Vertue hath
More Storms of Mischief rais'd than *Herod's* Wrath.
Is it decreed by thy unchanging Will,
I should be acknowledg'd, and rejected still?
Th' inspired (b) *Magi* from the Orient came,
Prefer'd (c) my Star before their (d) *Mithra's* Flame,
And at my Infant Feet devoutly fell:

(a) *Ephratian Dames*] Of *Ephrata*, the same with *Beth-lehem*.

(b) *Magi*] Tradition will have them three of several Nations, and honour them with Crowns. But the word delivers them for *Persians*; for so they called their Philosophers, such as were skillful in the Celestial Motions, from whence they drew their Predictions; and with whom their Princes consulted in all Matters of Moment. Some write that they were of the Posterity of *Balaam*, by his Prophecies informed of the Birth of Christ, and Apparition of that Narrative Star: But more consonant to the Truth, that they received it from Divine Inspiration.

(c) *My Star*] None of those which adorn the Firmament; nor Comet, proceeding from the condensed Vapors inflamed in the Air; but above Nature, and merely miraculous: Which, as they write, not only illuminated the Eye, but the Understanding; excited thereby to that heavenly Inquisition. Some will have it an Angel in that form. The excellency whercof is thus described by *Prudentius*.

*This, which in Beams and Beauty far
Excell'd the Sun's Flame-bearing Car,
Shew'd God's Descent from Heaven to Earth,
Accepting of a Humane Birth.*

*No Servant to the humerous Night,
Nor following Phœbe's changing Light;*

But didst thy single Lamp display,

To guide the Motion of the Day. Hym. Epiphaniæ.

It is probable, that this Star continued not above thirteen days, if we may believe that Tradition, How the *Magi* were so long in travelling from their Country unto *Bethlehem*.

(d) *Mithra's Flame*] *Mithra*: the same with the Sun, adored by the *Persians*. His Image had the Countenance of a Lyon, with a Tiara on his Head, depressing an Ox by the Horns. Of this, *Statius*;

Come, O remember thy own Temple; prove

Propitious still, and Juno's City love:

Whether we should the Rosie Titan call;

Osiris, Lord of Ceres Festival;

Or Mithra shorn'd in Persian Rocks, a Bull,

Subduing by the Horror of his Skull.

Thebaid. l. i.

And in a Cave his Rites were solemnized; from whence they drew an Ox by the Horns; which, after the singing of certain *Pæms*, was sacrificed to the Sun. *Zoroastes* placeth him between *Oremazes* and *Arimanius*, the good and bad Dæmon, from which he took the Denomination.

4 CHRIST'S PASSION:

But *Abraham's* Seed, the House of *Israel*,
 To thee sequestred from Eternity,
 Degenerate and ingrate ! their God deny.
 Behold the contumacious (e) Pharisees,
 Arm'd with dissembling Zeal, against me rise:
 The bloody Priests to their stern Party draw
 The Doctors of their unobserved Law :
 And impious (f) Sadduces, to perpetrate
 My intended Overthrow incense the State.

(e) *Pharisees*] A precise Sect among the Jews, separating themselves from others in Habit, Manners and Conversation ; from whence they had their Name, as their Original from *Antigonus Sochans*, who was contemporary with *Alexander* the Great. Men full of appearing Sanctity, observant to Traditions, and skilful Expositors of the Mosaicall Law ; wearing the Precepts thereof in Phylacters (narrow Scrouls of Parchment) bound about Brows, and above their Left Elbows ; passing through the Streets with a slow Motion, their Eyes fixed on the Ground, as if ever in Divine Contemplations ; and winking at the Approach of Women, by means whereof they not seldom met with churlish Encounters : Superstitious in their often Washing, keeping their Bodies cleaner than their Souls. They held that all was governed by God and Fate ; yet that Man had the Power in himself to do Good or Evil : That his Soul was immortal ; that after the Death of the Body, if good, it returned into another more excellent ; but if evil, condemned to perpetual Torments.

(f) *Sadduces*] These derived the Sect and Name from *Sadock*, the Scholar of *Antigonus Sochans* ; as he his Hereſie,

Heresie, by mis-interpreting the Words of his Master ; that we should not serve God, as Servants, in hope of Reward ; concluding thereupon, that in another World there was no Reward for Piety , and consequently no Resurrection ; holding the Soul to be annihilated after the Death of the Body ; herein agreeing with the Stoicks.

*As Smoak from trembling Flames ascend, and there,
Lost in its Liberty, resolves to Air ;
As empty Clouds, which furious Tempests chase,
Consume and vanish in their Airy Race ;
So our commanding Souls fleet with our Breath :
After Death, nothing rests ; and nothing Death,
But of swift Life the Gole. Ambition, lay
Thy Hopes aside ; nor Care, our Peace betray.
Inquir'st thou, to what place thou shalt return
When Dead ? To that, where lie the yet Unborn.*

Seneca in Troad.

They held that there were neither Spirits nor Angels, rejected all Traditions, and only allowed of the five Books of Moses ; that there was no such thing as Fate, that no Evil proceeded from God, and that Vertue and Vice were in our own Arbitrements. The Pharisees were sociable among themselves, but the Sadducees ever at Discord ; and as uncivil to their own Sect, as to Strangers. This Heresie infected not a few of the High Priests ; for *Hircanus*, with his two Sons, *Aristobulus* and *Alexander*, were Sadduces : So was *Ananus* the Younger.

6 CHRIST'S PASSION:

What rests to quicken Faith? even at my Nod
 Nature submits, acknowledging her God.
 The *Galilean* Youth drink the pure Blood (Flood:
 Of generous Grapes, drawn from the Neighbour
 I others Famine cur'd, subdu'd my own
 Life-strengthening Food for forty Days unknown.
 Twixt the Dispensers Hands th' admired Bread
 Increas'd, great multitudes of People fed,
 Yet more than all remain'd. The Winds assuage
 Their Storms, and threatning Billows calm their
 The hardned Waves unsinking Feet endure: (Rage.
 And pale Diseases, which despise their Cure,
 My Voice subdues. Long Darkness chac'd away,
 To me the Blind by Birth now owes his Day.
 He hears who never yet was heard; now speaks,
 And in my Praises first his Silence breaks.
 Those damned Spirits of infernal Night,
 Rebels to God, and to the Sons of Light
 Inveterate Foes; my Voice but heard, forsake
 The long posselt; and, struck with Terroure, quake.
 Nor was't enough for Christ, such Wonders done,
 To profit those alone who see the Sun:
 To vanquish Death, my powerful Hand invades
 His silent Regions, and inferiour Shades.
 The Stars, the Earth, the Seas, my Triumphs know:
 What rests to conquer, but the Deeps below?
 Through op'ning Sepulchres, Nights gloomy
 The violat'd Privilege of Graves, (Caves,
 I sent my dread Commands: A Heat new-born
 Reanimates the Dead, from Funerals torn;

And

And Death's numb Cold expulst, inforced a Way
 For Souls departed to review the Day:
 The Ashes from their ransack'd Tombs receive
 A second Life, and by my Bounty breath.
 But Death, his late free Empire thus restrain'd,
 Not used to restore his Spoils, complain'd
 That I should thus unweave the Web of Fate,
 Decrease his Subjects, and subvert his State:
 I, for so many ransomed from Death,
 Must to his Anger sacrifice my Breath.
 And now that horrid Hour is almost come,
 When sinful Mortals shall their Maker doom;
 When I, the World's great Lord, who Life on all
 Mankind bestow'd, must by their Fury fall.
 That Tragick Time to my last Period hastes;
 And Night, who now on All her Shadows casts,
 While with the Motion of the Heavens she flies,
 This short delay of my sad Life envies.
 Fate, be less stern in thy intended Course;
 Nor drag him who will follow without Force.
 After so many Miseries endur'd;
 Cold, Heat, Thirst, Famine, Eyes to Tears inur'd
 The End, yet worst of Ills, draws near: Their Breath
 For whom I suffer, must procure my Death.
 The Innocent, made guilty by the foul
 Defects of others, must his weary Soul
 Sigh into Air; and though of Heavenly Birth,
 With his chaste Blood distain th' ungrateful Earth.
 They traffick for my Soul: My Death, long sought,
 Is by the Mitred Merchants Faction bought;

And Treason finds Reward. My Travels draw
 Near their last End. These Practices I saw.
 See what this Nights confederate Shadows hide:
 My Mind before my Body crucifi'd.
 Horrour shakes all my Powers; my Entrails beat,
 And all my Body flows with Purple-Sweat.
 Oh! whither is my ancient Courage fled,
 And God-like Strength? By Anguish, Captive led!
 O Death, how far more cruel in thy Kind!
 Th' Anxiety and Torment of the Mind!
 Then must I be of all at once bereft?
 Or is there any Hope of Safety left?
 Oh! might I to my Heavenly Father pray,
 So supple to my Tears, to take away
 Part of these Ills! But his Eternal Doom
 Forbids, and ordered Course of things to come.
 His Purpose, fix'd when yet the World was young,
 And Oracles, so oft by Prophets sung,
 Now rushing on their destined End,
 No Orisons; nor Sacrifice can bend.
 Why stay I with triumphant Feet, to tread
 Upon th' Infernal Serpent's poysonous Head,
 And break th' old Dragon's Jaws? The Sin of our
 First Parents must be cleansed with a Showr
 Of Blood, rain'd from my Wounds: My Death ap-
 And cure the Venom of that dire Disease. (pease,
 All you who live, rejoyce; all you who die;
 You sacred Ashes of the Just, which lie
 In peaceful Urns, rejoyce in this my Fall:
 I for the Living liv'd, but die for All.

My

My Sufferings are not lost. To Earth I owe (grow
 These promis'd Ills: Bonds, Whips and Thorns to
 About our bleeding Brows; the Cross, the Scorn
 Of a proud People, to Destruction born.
 Oh! let my Father's Wrath, through sing'd Air,
 On me in Thunder dart, so mine it spare.
 Lest the World should, I perish; and must bear
 The Punishments of all that ever were.
 You who inhabit where the Sun displays
 His early Light, or near his setting Rays;
 Who suffer by his perpendicular
 Aspect, or freeze beneath the Northern Star;
 Affect this ready Sacrifice, who am
 A greater Offering than the Paschal Lamb.
 My precious Blood alone the Vertue hath
 To purge your Sins, and quench my Father's Wrath.
 (g) Now the Full Moon succeeds that Vernal Light
 Which equally divides the Day and Night;

(g) *Now the Full Moon*] In the first Full Moon after the Sun's ascending into the Equinoctial, they celebrated the Annual Passover, according to the positive Law of *Moses*; eating the Lamb in the Evening at their private Houses, and lying about the Table on Beds, as the *Romans* upon their *Triclinium*: Never fewer than ten together; if they wanted of their own Family, they supplied themselves with their Neighbours: Nor above the number of twenty. This Feast was only to be kept at *Jerusalem*; but those that came short of the Day, by reason of the Distance, or were defiled with the Dead, had a second Passover in the Month following assigned.

Sacred

10 CHRIST'S PASSION:

Sacred to Feasts. The next Sun shall survey
 One brighter than himself, and lose his Day.
 False Traytor, through thy Guilt so timorous grown,
 Although thou lead'st an Army against One
 Shrouded in Night; I am not taken by
 Thy Guile; but know thy Fraud, and haste to die.
 But you, my chosen Friends, who yet preserve
 Your Faith entire, nor from your Duty swerve,
 Your Festival, (h) our Washings past, rehearse
 Your Maker's Excellence in sacred Verse;
 While I to those frequented Shades repair,
 Where the Trees answer to the sighing Air.
 Learn, as we walk along, unto what place
 I shortly shall return; what Heavenly Grace
 Is to descend upon you from above;
 What are the Laws of Charity and Love.
 While my last Prayers solicit Heaven, to Sleep
 Give no Access: This Night my Vigil keep.

(h) *Our Washings past*] It was the Custom as well of
 all the Eastern Nations, as of the Jews, to wash the Feet
 of their Guests, though performed by inferiour Servants;
 but here by Christ himself, to give an Example of Hum-
 ility. They had Vessels standing by, ready fill'd with
 Water for that purpose. This, at this Feast, was obser-
 ved between the first and second Lying down, by way
 of Purification.

Chorus

Chorus of Jewish Women.

THE Rapid Motion of the Spheres,
Old Night from our Horizon bears;

And now declining Shades give way
To the Return of chearful Day.

But (i) *Phosphorus*, who leads the Stars,
And Day's illustrious Path prepares,
Who last of all the Host retires,
Not yet withdraws those Radiant Fires:

Nor have our Trumpets summoned
The Morning from her dewy Bed;
As yet her Roses are unblown,
Nor by her Purple Mantle known.

(i) *Phosphorus*] The same with *Lucifer*, which is a
Bringer in of Light; and therefore the Harbinger of the
Day: Said to conduct and withdraw the Stars, in that it is
the first and last that shineth. This is the beautiful Planet
of *Venus*; which, when it riseth before the Sun, is the
Morning Star; and setting after it, the Evening.

Now *Sea-bath'd Hesperus*, who brings
Night on, and first displays his Wings;
Now Radiant *Lucifer*, who Day
Exalting, chaces Night away.

In regard that her Course is sometimes swifter than the
Sun, and sometimes slower; yet never far off: and ful-
filling the same Period.

12 CHRIST'S PASSION:

All Night we in the Temple keep,
Not yielding to the Charms of Sleep;
That so we might, with zealous Prayer,
Our Thoughts and cleansed Hearts prepare
To celebrate th' ensuing Light,
When *Phæbe* shall her Horns unite.

This Annual Feast to Memory
Is sacred; nor with us must die:
Thus by that dreadful Exul taught,
When God his Plagues on *Egypt* brought.

(k) Those Cities these our Rites bereave
Of Citizens, and Widows leave;
Where *Jordan*, from two bubbling Heads,
His oft-returning Waters leads;
Till they their narrow Bounds forsake,
And grow (l) a Sea-resembling Lake.

(k) *Those Cities, &c.*] The Cities which lie at the Foot of *Libanus*, on the North of *Galilee*; whereof *Cæsaria Philippi*, the Seat of the Tetrarch, was the Principal: Where *Jordan*, not far above, descends from *Jor* and *Dan*, two neighbouring Fountains.

(l) *A Sea-resembling Lake.*] The Lake of *Genesareth* called also the Sea of *Galilee*, and of *Tiberias*; taking this Name from that City there built by *Antipas* in honour of *Tiberius*. It extendeth forty Furlongs in Breadth, and in Length an hundred: The Shoar once enriched with the Cities of *Capharnaum*, *Tiberias*, *Bethsaida*, *Bethsan*, *Gadra*, *Taricha* and *Chorofaim*.

(m) Those

(m) Those woods of Palm, producing Dates ;
 (n) Of fragrant Balsamum, which hates
 The Touch of Steel : Where once the Sound
 Of Trumpets levell'd with the Ground
 Unbatter'd Walls ; (o) that Mount which shrouds
 His Airy Head in hanging Clouds,
 Where Death clos'd our lost Prophet's Eyes ;
 Admire to see their Colonies
 Ascend the Hills of *Solyma*,
 In Celebration of this Day.

(m) *The Woods of Palms.*] In the Plains adjoining to *Jericho* : From their Abundance, called the City of Palms.

(n) *Of fragrant Balsamum, which, &c.*] As in *Engaddi*, so Balsamum grew plentifully about *Jericho*. A Plant only proper to that Country ; and from thence transported into *Egypt* by *Antonius*, to gratifie *Cleopatra*. It dies, if it be touch'd with Iron, and therefore they lanch the Rind with sharp Stones, or Knives of Bone ; from whence that precious Liquor distilleth.

(o) *That Mount.*] *Phasga* ; from whence *Moses* saw all the Land of Promise, from *Dan* to *Beersheba* ; and their died : Buried in an unknown Sepulchre by an Angel, lest that should have drawn the *Israelites* to Idolatry, *St. Hierome* writes, how the Devil, endeavouring to reveal the place, was resisted by *Michael* the Archangel.

(p) *Cephæans,*

14 CHRIST'S PASSION:

(p) *Cephæans*, whose strong Walls withstood
The Ruins of the general Flood,
To solemnize this Day, forsake
Ador'd *Dercetis*, and her Lake.

(p) *Cepharans*, whose strong Walls, &c.] *Cepheus*, the Son of *Phœnix*, reigned in *Joppa*: A City built by *Japhet* before the Flood, and rather covered than demolished by that Deluge. The Inhabitants, with their Territories, took the Name of their King: Who worshipped *Dercetis*, the Goddess of the *Ascalonites*, their Neighbours. She, as they Fable, inflamed with the Love of a beautiful Youth who sacrific'd unto her, having by him a Daughter (who after, in that nourished by Doves, was called *Semiramis*) ashamed of her Incontinency, put away the Youth, exposed the Child to the Mercy of the Deserts; and, distracted with Sorrow, threw her self into a Lake near *Ascalon*, and there was changed into a Fish. Of which *Ovid*:

——— To insist upon
The sad *Dercetis* of great *Babylon*:
Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A Scaly Form, inhabiting a Lake.

To whom a magnificent Temple was erected, with her Image in the Likeness of a Fish from the Navel downward. This was that *Dagon*, the Idol of the *Ascalonites*, according to *St. Hierome*, (by Interpretation, the Fish of Sorrow) which fell before the Ark of God, when it was brought into her Temple.

Hither

Hither the *Palestines*, from strong
 (q) *Azotus*, both the *Jamnes* throng.
 Not (r) *Lydda* could her own restrain;
 Nor (s) *Caparorsa's* Walls contain
 Her *Edomites*; (t) *Damascus* could
 Not hers, though she ten Nations rul'd:
 Nor yet (u) *Sabaste*, long the Nurse
 of impious Sons, sprung from our Source.

(q) *Azotus*, both the *Jamnes*.] Maritim Towns belonging to the *Philistins*: The later so called of the flourishing Soil.

(r) *Lydda*.] A City seated in the Valley above, and a little to the North of *Joppa*: Called after, *The City of Jupiter*: Famous for the Allegorical Combat of *St. George*, and his Martyrdom.

(s) *Caparorsa*.] A City of *Judea*, according to *Ptolemy*; rather of *Idumea*, as here intimated by our Author.

(t) *Damascus*.] The Regal City of *Syria*; as pleasant as great: Here said to have commanded ten Nations. It lieth on the North of *Galilee*, in a Valley beyond *Antelibanus*; six short Days Journey from *Jerusalem*.

(u) *Sabaste*.] *Samaria*, The Sovereign City of those ten Tribes which fell from the House of *Judab*; not much above a Days Journey from *Jerusalem*. Built by *Amri*, on the Top of a Hill, presenting an admirable Prospect, which he bought of *Samarus*; of whom it was called *Samaria*. The Inhabitants infamous for their frequent Falling from God, to Idolatry.

(w) *Phœnicians*,

16 CHRIST'S PASSION:

(w) *Phœnicians*, who did first produce
To Mortals, Letters with their Use;
Where (x) *Tyrus*, full of Luxury,
With (y) Mother *Sidon*, front the Sky,
Hither with hasty Zeal repair :

(w) *Phœnicians*, who] The Inhabitants between the great Sea and *Galilee* ; (so called of *Phœnix*, their King ; the fifth in Descent from *Jupiter* :) Honour'd for the Invention of Letters.

*Phœnicians first express (if Fame be true)
The fix'd Voice in rude Figures. Memphis knew
Not yet how Stream-lov'd Biblus to prepare :
But Birds and Beasts, carv'd out in Stone, declare
Their Hieroglyphick Wifdoms.*

Lucan. lib. 3.

These, *Cadmus*, the Son of *Agenor*, communicated to the *Grecians*.

(x) *Tyrus*, full of *Luxury*.] The Métropolis of *Phœnicia* : Once Sovereign of the Sea ; and, of all the World, the greatest *Emporium* : Whose Beauty, Commerce and Riches, the Parent of *Luxury*, is by the Prophet *Ezekiel* most gloriously described.

(y) Mother *Sidon*.] The ancientest City of *Phœnicia* ; built by *Sida*, the Daughter of *Belus* ; or rather, by *Sidon*, the First-born of *Canaan*. The Mother of *Tyrus* ; for the *Tyrians* were a Colony of the *Sidonians*.

Among

(z) Among the *Syrians*, those who dare
Feed on forbidden Fish ; nor more
The Deity of a Dove adore.

(a) From *Belus*, whose slow Waters pass
On glittering Sands, which turn to Glass :

(z) *Among the Syrians, those, &c.*] The *Syrians* would eat no Fish ; not only in regard of the fabulous Transformation of their Goddess *Dercetis*, but that they held it Injustice to kill those Creatures which did them no harm, and were fed on, rather for Luxury than Necessity : Withal, conceiving the Sea to be the Original and Father of all that hath Life, and that Man was ingendred of a liquid Substance, they adored Fishes as being of their own Generation and Subsistence : So did they a Dove ; not only because their glorious Empress *Semiramis* carried that Name, and was after, as the Fable, transformed into that Creature ; but expressing the Air by a Dove, as by a Fish the Water, reverencing both, as comprising the Nature of all things.

(a) *From Belus, whose, &c.*] From certain Marishes in the Valley of *Acre*, runs the River *Belus* with a tardy pace, and exonerates it self into the Sea, hard by *Ptolemais* : Whose Sand affordeth Matter for Glass, becoming fusible in the Furnace. *Strabo* reports the like of divers places thereabout : And *Josaphus*, speaking of this, that there is an adjoining Pit, an hundred Cubits in Circuit, covered with Sand that glistered like Glass ; and when carried away (for therewith they accustomed to ballast their Ships) it forthwith was filled again, born thither by Winds from places adjacent. Moreover, That what Mineral soever was contained therein, converted into Glass ; and Glass there laid, again into Sand.

18 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(b) From *Arnon's Banks*; those Borderers,
 The Subject of our ancient Wars:
 Whose sulphurous *Bitumen* take
 From salt (c) *Asphaltis* deadly Lake.
 No Tempest on that Sea prevails;
 No Ship upon her Bosom sails;
 Unmov'd with Oars: (d) What over-flies,
 Struck by her Breath, falls down and dies:
 Hates all that lives; in her Profound,
 None are receiv'd, but float undrown'd:
 No Seas, by slimy Shoars embrac't,
 So pestilent a Vapour cast:
 This blasts the Corn before it bears,
 And poysons the declining Ears:

(b) *From Arnon's Banks; those, &c.*] *Arnon* riseth in the Mountains of *Arabia*; and, dividing the Country of the *Moabites* from the *Ammoniees*, falls into the Dead Sea. By those ancient Wars is meant, the Overthrow which *Moses* gave unto *Og* and *Sihon*.

(c) *Asphaltis.*] The Dead Sea, or Lake of *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*; having no Egress, unless under the Earth; seventy Miles in length, and sixteen broad: Here at large described by our Author.

(d) *What over flies, &c.*] The like is written of *Avernus*; whereof the Poetical Philosopher, *Avernus* call'd: A Name impos'd of right,
 In that so fatal to all Birds of Flight:
 Which, when those Airy Passengerr o're fly,
 Forgetful of their Wings, they fall from high,
 With stretcht out Necks, on Earth, where Earth partakes
 That killing Property; where Lakes, on Lakes.

Luc 16

Sad

Sad Autumns Fruits to Cinders turn,
 And all the Fields in Ashes mourn :
 Lest Time should waste the Memory
 Of these revengeful Flames, the Sky,
 On Earth, in melting Sulphur showr'd,
 Which that accursed Race devour'd ;
 (e) When She, who did commiserate,
 With impious Grief, her Cities Fate,
 Grew, in the Moment of her Fault,
 A Statue of congealed Salt.
 Hither (f) devout Esséans fly,
 Who without Issue multiply,

(e) *When she, &c.*] *Lots Wife.* *Josephus* writes, that he himself had seen that Statue of Salt: Yet extant, if *Brocardus* and *Saligniatus*, professed Eye-witnesses, be to be believed.

(f) *Devout Esséans.*] A Sect among the Jews, strictly preserving the Worship of God, the Rules of Religion and Justice, living on the common Stock, never eating of Flesh, and wholly abstaining from Wine and Women: They wore their Apparel white and cleanly, pray'd before the rising of the Sun, laboured all day long for the publick Utility, sed in the Evening with a general Silence, and had their Sobriety rewarded with a Life long and healthful. Their chief Study was the Bible, and next to that, Physick; taking their Name from the Cure of Diseases. All were Servants to one another. They never swore an Oath, nor offered any thing that had Life in their Sacrifice: Ascribing all unto Fate, and nothing to Free Will. They preserved their Society, by the Adoption of Children intred to Piety and Labour. Their Sect, though ancient, hath no known Original; yet much agreeing with the Discipline of the *Pythagoreans*.

20 CHRIST'S PASSION.

And Vertue only propagate :
 All sensual Loves, all Lucre hate,
 And equal Poverty embrace :
 Thrice happy, of a noble Race ;
 Who flight your own particular,
 Tranſported with a publick Care.
 He flies a pitch above our Woes,
 Or Crimes, who gladly undergoes
 Their Toil and Want ; nor would poſſeſs
 What others miſ-call Happineſs.
 What numbers, from the Sun's Up-riſe,
 From where he leaves the mourning Skies
 Of our diſperſed *Abrahamites*,
 This *Veſper* to their Homes invites !
 Yet we, in yearly Triumph, ſtill
 A Lamb for our Deliverance kill.
 Since Liberty our Conſines fled,
 Given with (g) the firſt Unleaven'd Bread,
 (b) She never would return, though bought
 With Wounds, and in Deſtruction ſought.

(g) *The firſt Unleaven'd Bread.*] Eaten with the Paſchal Lamb, at the *Iſraelites* departing out of *Egypt*: The Ceremonies uſed therein are at large delivered by *Moſes*.

(b) *She never would return.*] The Liberty they loſt in the *Babylonian* Captivity was never abſolutely recovered: For the moſt part under the *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Egyptians*, or *Syrians* (although in the Reign of the *Aſmones*, they had the Face of a Kingdom, yet maintained with perpetual Blood-ſhed) after governed by the *Idumeans*, and laſtly by the *Romans*: Often rebelling, and as often ſuppreſſed.

Some

Some stray to *Lybia's* scorched Sands,
 Where (i) horned *Hammon's* Temple stands :
 To *Nilus* some, where *Philip's* Son,
 Who all the rifled Orient won,
 (k) Built his proud City : Others gone
 (l) To their old Prison, *Babylon* :

(i) *Horned Hammon's Temple.*] *Jupiter Hammon*, which signifies Sand ; because his Temple stood in the *Lybian* Desarts ; with such difficulty visited by *Alexander*. Or rather, being the same with *Ham*, the Son of *Noah*, from whom Idolatry had her Original ; who usually wore the carved Head of a Ram on his Helmet ; whereupon, his Idol was so fashioned. But *Jupiter Hammon* is also taken for the Sun ; *Hammah* signifying Heat in the Hebrew : And because the Year beginneth at his Entrance into *Aries*, he therefore was carved with Ram's Horns.

(k) *Built his proud City.*] *Alexandria*, in Egypt ; built by *Alexander* the Great, upon a Promontory, near the Isle of *Pharos* : So directed, as they write, by *Homer* in a Vision.

(l) *To their old Prison, Babylon*] Not all the *Jews* returned with *Zerubbabel*, but remained at *Babylon* ; and, by the Favour of succeeding Princes, planted thereabout their Colonies ; grew a great Nation, observing their ancient Rites and Religion. These were called *Babylonian Jews* ; to whom not a few of their Country-men fled, from the Troubles of their Country.

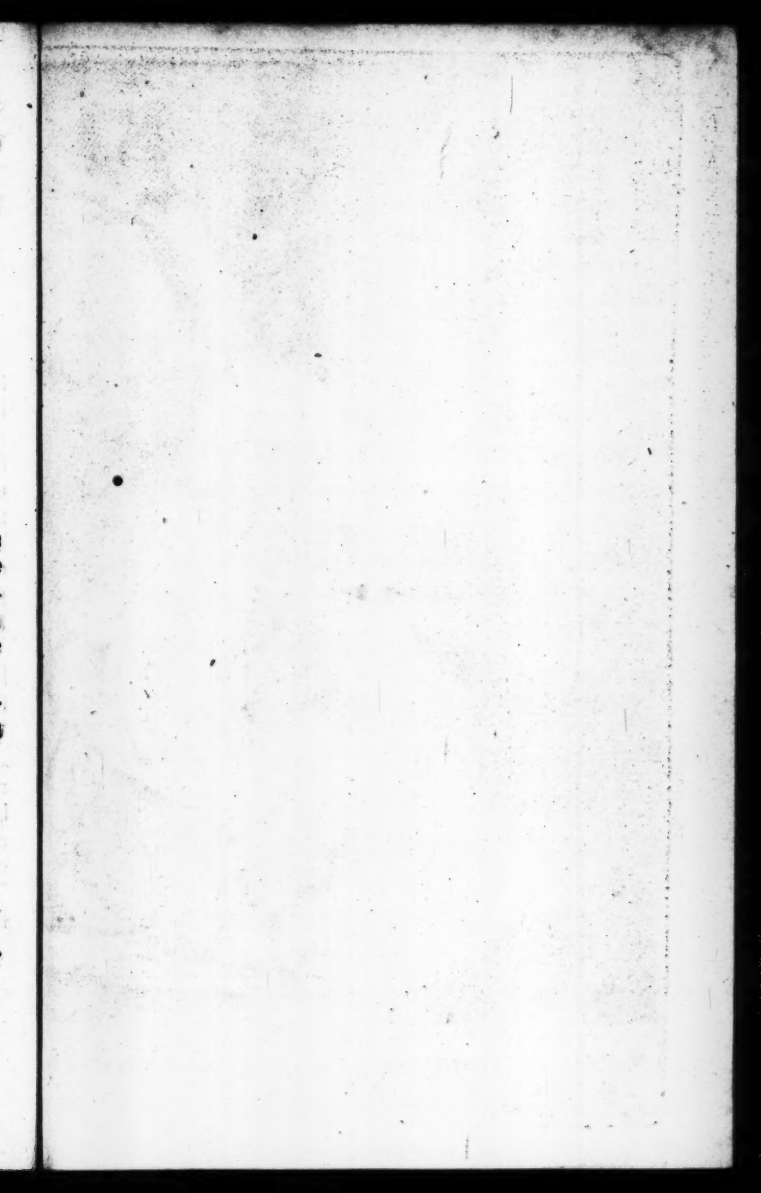
22 CHRIST'S PASSION.

A part (m) to freezing *Taurus* fled ;
 And (n) *Tiber*, now the Oceans Head.
 Our Ruins all the World have fill'd :
 But you, by use in Sufferings skill'd,
 Forgetting, in remoter Climes,
 Our vanish'd Glory ; nor those Times,
 Those happy Times, compare with these,
 Your Burthens may support with Ease.
 More justly we of Fate complain,
 Who Servitude at home sustain :
 We, to perpetual Woes design'd,
 In our own Country, *Egypt* find.

(m) *To freezing Taurus, &c.*] The greatest Mountain of the World, which changeth its Name according to the Countries through which it extendeth : That part properly so called, which divideth *Pamphilia* and *Cilicia* from the lesser *Armenia* and *Cappadocia* : Whither many of the *Jews* were retired.

(n) *And Tiber now, &c.*] *Rome*, the Empress of Cities, adorning the Banks of *Tiber* ; to which the Ocean then yielded Obedience.

Act II.





*O my Father if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me, never-
theless not as I will but as thou wilt. Mat. 26.*

ACT II.

P E T E R.

YOU Off-spring of (a) Blood-thirsty *Romulus*;
 Foes to sweet Peace, to our great God, and us;
 And you prophaner Sacrificers, who,
 With subtil Mischief, guiltless Blood pursue :
 Since you would not refuse to bind the Hands
 Of Innocence, on me impose your Bands :
 Seize on the Guilty ; he who hath refus'd
 His Lord and Master, by himself accus'd.
 The Ills yet suffer'd, I deserve to bear,
 For looking on ; what follows, for my Fear.
 You need no Torchés, to subdue the Nights
 Dark Shades, to find me ; no stern Satellites
 Drawn from the Temple, nor with *Romans* joyn
 To act one Sin ; nor spend your sacred Coin

(a) *Blood-thirsty Romulus.*] The Original of the Race
 and Name of the *Romans* : Who laid the Walls of *Rome*
 in the Blood of his Brother *Remus*.

24 CHRIST'S PASSION.

In Salary (*b*) to such a Guide as may,
 With a perfidious Kiss, his Lord betray.
 This Head I give you freely ; hither haste :
 No sudden Hurl-winds shall your Bodies cast
 On trembling Earth. Behold ! I, with my Hands
 Behind me bound, implore your dire Commands ;
 And run to meet your Stripes. Are you now prone
 To melting Pity ? Will you punish none,
 But with Injustice ? Is your Fury slow,
 Unless to those who no Offences know ?
 We both alike have impiously transgress'd ;
 You in not punishing a Fault confess'd ;
 And I who have the living Lord deny'd.
 Just Judges of a Life so sanctify'd,
 To whom suborned Witnesses have sold
 Their damned Perjuries, a Wretch behold,
 And hear his Crime. My Country *Galilee*,
 To follow Christ, I left, both Land and Sea :
 Son to the Thunderer, his only Heir ;
 From Heaven sent by his Father, to repair
 And rule th' Affairs of Mortals. This is He,
 Whom you have bound, who must his Country free.

(*b*) *To such a Guide, &c.*] It was a Custom among the Eastern Nations, and not relinquished by many at this day ; for Men do kiss one another in their Salutations : So did the *Romans*, until interdicted by *Tiberius*. With the *Jews* it was a Pledge of Peace and Amity : Used also to their Lords and Princes, by way of Homage, and acknowledged Subjection ; as perfidious *Judas* did here to his Master.

Rebellious

Rebellious Vassals, you have doom'd your King.
 I know the impious Race from whence you spring,
 Your savage Manners, cruel Ancestors,
 Whom Nature, as her greatest Curse, abhors.
 Such, when the trembling Boy his Brethrens Hands,
 Their truculent Aspects, and servile Bands
 Beheld ; though privy to a better Fate,
 Whose Providence was to reward their Hate :
 Soon after, call'd to *Nile's* Seven-Chanel'd Flood,
 He Famin from both Lands expel'd with Food.
 So your seditious Fathers mutined
 At *Sina's* Rocks, against their sacred Head :
 And there the Food of Angels loath'd, which fell
 From Heaven in Showers. Besotted *Israel*
Egypt and Servitude prefer'd above
 The Tents of *Moses*, and their Countries Love.
 What numbers, with Prophetick Raptures fill'd,
 Have you, and yet, not unrevenged, kill'd !
 (c) *Memphis*, (d) devouring Deserts, (e) Civil Wars,

(c) *Memphis*,] By this is meant the *Egyptian* Servitude : *Memphis*, of old, the chief City in *Egypt*.

(d) *Devouring Deserts*.] All the *Israelites*, that came out of *Egypt*, perished in the Deserts, but *Joshua* and *Caleb*.

(e) *Civil Wars*.] As between the Tribe of *Benjamin*, and the rest of the Tribes ; the *Jews* and *Israelites* ; *Israelites* against *Israelites*, and *Jews* against *Jews*. Discord threw her Snakes among the *Asmones* ; nor had *Herod's* Posterity better Success.

(f) Oft

26 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(f) Oft Foreign Yokes, (g) Assyrian Conquerors,
 (b) Great Pompey's Eagles, (i) sacred Rites prophan'd,
 (k) Your Temple sackt, with slaughtered Levites
 Are all forgot? Yet worse attend your Hate. (stain'd:
 Oh, that I were the Minister of Fate!
 I then would tear your guilty Buildings down;
 And, in a Crimson Sea, their Ruins drown.
 Witness you Groves, late conscious of our Cares,
 Where Christ, with Tears, pour'd forth his Funeral.
 How I revenge pursu'd, & with their blood (Prayers;
 Would have augmented (l) Cedron's murmuring
 (Flood :

(f) *Oft Foreign Yokes.*] Often subdued by their Neighbours, and delivered by their Judges and Princes.

(g) *Assyrian Conquerors.*] Who sackt *Jerusalem*, destroyed the Temple which was built by *Solomon*, led their King Captive, and their whole Nation, unto *Babylon*.

(b) *Great Pompey's Eagles.*] *Pompey*, who bore the Roman Eagle on his Standard, took *Jerusalem* and the Temple by Force, (yet would not meddle with the Treasure, nor Sacred Utenfils) subdued the *Jews*, and made them Tributaries to the *Romans*.

(i) *Sacred Rites prophan'd.*] Who entred the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, with his Followers; and prophaned the Religion of the Place, by beholding that which was to be seen by the High Priest only.

(k) *Your Temple sackt, with Blood, &c.*] He slew twelve thousand *Jews* within the Walls of the Temple.

(l) *Cedron.*] This Brook, or Torrent, runs through the Vale of *Jehosaphat*, between Mount *Olivet* and the City, close by the Garden of *Gethsemane*, where Christ was betrayed.

But

But he, for whom I struck, reprov'd the Blow;
And, following his own Precept, cur'd his Foe.
For *Malchus*, rushing on front of all,
Perceiving part of his, without him, fall,
Search'd with his flaming Brand: The bleeding Ear
Seen on the Earth, Revenge subdu'd his Fear;
Who loudly roaring, shook his threatned Bands,
And strait encountred those All-healing Hands.
They to his Head that Ornament restor'd,
And Benefits for Injuries afford.

But, O blind Mischief! I, who gave the Wound,
Am left at large; and he, who heal'd it, bound.

O *Peter*! Canst thou yet forbear to throw
Thy Body on the Weapons of the Foe?

If thou wouldst vindicate thy Lord, begin
First with thy self, and punish thy own Sin.

Thou that dar'st menace Armies, thou that art
Fierce, as a *Midian* Tyger; of a Heart

Invincible, nor knows what 'tis to dread;
With Fortune, at the first Encounter, fled.

A Fugitive, a Rebel; one that hath
All Crimes committed in this Breach of Faith.

Who tousing Hopes on his own Strength erects,
Nor the self-flattering Minds Deceit suspects,

But his vain Vertue trust; let him in me
The sad Example of his Frailty see.

From slippery Heights how pronely Mortals slide!
Their heady Errors punishing their Pride.

What can I add to these Mis-deeds of mine!

Who have defil'd the Water, Bread and Wine,

With

28 CHRIST'S PASSION.

With my abhor'd Defection ! Oh, could I
Those Lips pollute with wilful Perjury,
But newly feasted with that sacred Food,
Presenting his torn Flesh, and pour'd out Blood !
O Piety ! for this, thou Renegade,
Did Jesus wash thy flying Feet of late ?

(m) Not *Jordan*, with two Heads, whose Waters roul
From Snow-top *Libanus*, can cleanse thy Soul :
Not thou (n) *Callirhoe* ; nor (o) that ample Lake,
From whose forsaken Shoar my Birth I take.
Couldst thou (p) *blue Nereus*, in whose troubled Deep
Nile's seven large Mouths their foaming Currents
(steep ?

.(m) *Not Jordan, with two, &c.*] See the Note upon
Vers. 195. Act. 1.

(n) *Callirhoe.*] A City in the Tribe of *Reuben*, so called
of her beautiful Springs ; where, from a Rock, two neigh-
bour-Fountains gush out, as from the Breasts of a Wo-
man : The one of hot, but sweet Water ; the other of
cold and bitter ; which joyning together, make a plea-
sant Bath, salubrious for many Diseases ; and flows from
thence, into the Lake of *Asphaltis*. *Herod*, in his Sickness,
repaired to this place ; but finding no Help, and despair-
ing of Life, removed to *fericho* ; where he died.

(o) *That ample Lake.*] The Sea of *Galilee*, by which *Pe-
ter* was born.

(p) *Blue Nereus, &c.*] *Nereus* is taken for the Sea in
general, but here for the *Egyptian* ; into which *Nilus* dis-
chargeth his Waters by seven Currents ; the fresh Water
keeping together, and changing the Colour of the Salt,
far further into the Sea, than the Shoar from thence can
be discerned.

Or

Or that Red Sea, whose Waves in Rampires flood,
While our Fore-fathers past the parted Flood?

These purging Streams from thy own Springs must
Repentance, Why are the Complaints so slow? (flow.

Raise Storms and Sighs: Let Tears in Torrents fall,
And on thy blushing Cheeks deep Furrows gall.

Oh, so! Run freely: Beat thy stubborn Breast:

Here spend thy Rage; these Blows become thee best.

This, wretched *Cephas*, for thy Crimes I owe:

What can I for my injur'd Lord bestow!

My Deeds and Sufferings disproportion'd are;

Nor must they in an equal Sorrow share.

Should this Night ever last, to propagate

Increasing Sorrows, till subdu'd by Fate,

My penitent Soul this wasted Flesh forsake;

Yet can my Guilt no Reparation make. (wept,

Swoln Eyes, now weep you? Then you should have

Besprinkled my Devotion, and have kept

That holy Watch, when interdicted Sleep

Your drowfie Lids did in his (g) *Lethe* steep.

(g) *Lethe*.] A River of *Africa*, passing by *Bernice*, and running into the *Mediterranean* Sea, near the Promontory of the *Syrtes*. It hath that Name from Oblivion, because those who drank thereof forgot whatsoever they had formerly done. Of this, *Lucan*:

Where silent Lethe glides: This (as they tell)

Draws her Oblivion from the Veins of Hell.

So feigned, because of the Oblivion which is in Death;
as Allegorically for that of Sleep.

You

30 CHRIST'S PASSION.

You should have dropt my Brains into a Flood,
 Before he at that dire Tribunal stood:
 Ere thrice abjur'd, on me his Looks he threw;
 Or e're th' accusing Bird of Dawning crew.
 Where shall I hide me! In what Dungeon may
 My troubled Soul avoid the woful Day!
 Fly quickly to some melancholy Cave,
 In whose dark Entrails thou maist find a Grave
 To bury thee alive: There waste thy Years
 In cherish'd Sorrow, and unwitness'd Tears.

Pontius Pilat, Caiaphas.

(r) **T** *Arpeian Jove, s) Mars, great Quirinus Sire;*
 (t) You Household Gods, inarcht from
Troys Funeral-fire,
 With greater Zeal ador'd; When shall I pay
 My Vows? My Offerings on your Altars lay?
 And see those Roofs which top the Clouds; the Beams
 With burnish'd Gold inchac'd, and blazing Gems?
 Those Theatres, which ring with their Applause
 Who on the conquered World impose their Laws!
 And thee, the triple Earths Imperious Guide,
 Great Soul'd *Tiberius*! whether thou reside
 On *Tiber's* Banks, ador'd by grateful *Rome*;
 Ambitious of his Residence, for whom
 She gave the World; or (u) *Caprae*, much renown'd

(r) *Tarpeian Jove*] *Tarpeius* is a Mountain in *Rome*, taking that Name from the Vestal Virgin *Tarpea*, who betrayed

trayed her Father's Fort to the *Sabines*, upon promise to receive what they wore on their Left Arms for her Reward ; she meaning their Golden Bracelets ; which they not only gave, but threw their Shields upon her (a part of the Bargain) and so press'd her to death : Who buried her in the place, since called *The Capitol*, where *Jupiter* had his Temple.

(f) Mars, *great Quirinus Sire.*] *Romulus* was called *Quirinus* of his Spear, or for uniting of the two Nations of the *Cures* and *Romans* ; as the Son of *Mars*, in that so strenuous a Soldier. *Plutarch* writes, that he was begotten by his Uncle *Emulius* ; who, counterfeiting *Mars*, disguised in Armour, ravished his Mother *Ilia*, not only to satisfy his Lust, but to procure her Destruction, as Heir to his elder Brother, the Law condemning a defiled Vestal to be buried alive.

(t) You Household Gods, *snatcht*, &c.] *Penates* : Which *Aeneas* saved from Burning at the Sack of *Troy*, and brought them with him into *Italy* : Supposing that from them they received their Flesh, their Life, and Understanding.

(u) *Caprae.*] A little Island in the *Tyrrhen Sea*, and in the sight of *Naples*, naturally walled about with upright Cliffs, and having but one Passage into it : Infamous for the Cruelties and Lusts of *Tiberius* ; who retiring thither from the Affairs of the Commonwealth, sent from thence his Mandates of Death ; polluting the Place with all variety of Uncleanness. Whereupon it was called the Island of secret Lusts, and he *Caprenius* ; conversing there with Magicians and South-sayers ; whereof the Satyr, speaking of *Sejanus* :

*The Prince's Tutor glorying to be nam'd ;
Sitting in Caves of Caprae, with defam'd
Chaldeans.*

Juv. l. Sat. 10.

32 CHRIST'S PASSION.

For soft delights, impoverish (x) the Long-gown'd!
 Far from my Friends, far from my Native Soyl,
 I here in honourable Exile toyl,
 To curb a People whom the God's disclaim:
 Who cover, under the usurped Name
 Of Piety, (y) their Hate to all Mankind;
 Condemn the World; in their own Vices blind:
 And with false-grounded Fear, (z) abjure for One,
 All those Immortals which the Heavens inthrone.
 Their only Law is, to renounce all Laws:
 Their Errour, which from others Hatred draws,
 Fomenting their own Discord, still provokes
 Their Spirits to Rebellion, who their Yoaks
 Have oft attempted to take off; though they
 More easily are subdu'd, than taught to obey.
 Clear Justice, sincere Faith, bear witness you,
 (a) With how much Grief your Swords the *Hebrews*
 But such as stubborn and inhumane are, (slew:
 Unless they suffer, would inforce a War:

(x) *The Long-Gown'd.*] The Gown was a Garment peculiar to the *Romans*, by which they were distinguished from other Nations; as of what Quality among themselves, by the Wool and Colour, Fashion and Trimming. Inasmuch as they were called *Togati*: Whereof *Virgil*, in the Person of *Jupiter*;

*Curst Juno, who Sea, Earth, and Heaven above,
 With her Distemper tires, shall friendly prove;
 And joyn with us in gracing the Long-gown'd,
 And Lordly Romans, still with Conquest crown'd.*

Aeneid. lib. 1.

(y) *Their Hate to all, &c.*] The *Jews*, with the Hate
 of

of an Enemy, detested all other Nations; would neither eat with them, nor lodge in their Houses; but avoided the Stranger, as a Pollution: Proud in their greatest Poverty; calling themselves the Elect of God; boasting of their Country, their Religion, and ancient Families; In their Conversation austere and respectless: So full of jealous Envy, that, by a Decree in the Reign of *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, such suffered the dreadful Censure of a Curse, who instructed their Sons in the *Grecian* Disciplines; and much regretted, that the Law of *Moses* was translated into a prophane Language, by the Command of *Phyladelphus*; expressing their Grief by an Annual Fast, which they kept on the 8th. Day of the Month *Teveth*.

(2.) *Abjure for me, &c.*] *Pilate* accuseth them here for their Piety; who, after the Captivity, as much detested Idolatry, as they affected it before: Who could not be compelled by their Conquerors, to worship the Images of *Tiberius Caesar*, which *Pilate* brought into the City; but was forced to carry them away upon their Refusal. *Caius*, not long after, commanded, that the Statues of the Gods should be erected in the Temple; menacing, if they should refuse it, their utter Subversion: But his Death prevented their Ruin; who before had made their Protestation, that they would rather suffer the general Destruction of themselves, and their City, than suffer such an Abomination, so repugnant to their Law and Religion.

(a) *With how much Grief our Swords, &c.*] *Josephus* mentions one Slaughter only, which *Pilate*, as then, had made of the *Jews*; and that, about the drawing of Water, by Conduits, into the Sacred Treasury, which divers thousands of the *Jews* tumultuously resisted. *Pilate* incited them with Soldiers, disguised in popular Garments; who, privately armed, fell upon the naked People, and by the Slaughter of a number, appeased the Mutiny.

And Reason urgeth those who Septres bear,
 Against their Nature, off to prove severe.
 I go to question what these Prelates would:
 Since they forbear to enter, lest they should
 (Their Feast so near) with my unhallowed Floor,
 Their Feet pollute. Who's this, by such a Power
 In Shackles led! How reverend his Aspect!
 How full of Awe! These Looks no Guilt detect.
 Thou, Caiaphas, of Solyma the Prime,
 And Prince of Priests, relate th' impured Crime.

CAIAPHAS.

Great Guardian of the Roman Peace, whom we,
 Next *Cæsar*, honour, to be doom'd by thee,
 Our Senate brings th' Infection of these Times:
 Whom we accuse of no suggested Crimes.
 Those holy Rites which grave Antiquity
 First introduced, since defended by
 A long Descent, this Innovator sought
 To abolish, and a new Religion taught.
 Nor fearing the Recess of God's own Seat,
 The Temple's Ruin sings, and Roof repleat
 With the full Deity: Disturbs the Feast
 Of the Seventh Day, design'd for sacred Rest.
 Those Laws rejects, which *Moses* Pen reveal'd;
 Even those by God with dreadful Thunder seal'd.
 Nor to content, with Heaven his Fury wars,
 Aspires that Throne, and tramples on the Stars.

Who

Who styles himself, though of ignoble Birth,
His Only Son, who made both Heaven and Earth,
This Death must expiate; he hath judg'd his Cause.
Who writ, in Leaves of Marble, our Ten Laws.

PILATE.

When Wrath, the Nurse of War, and Thirst of Gold
Destructive Arts produc'd, the Better-Souls
No Peace nor Safety found, inforc'd to bear:
Life, of it self infirm, through common Fear,
Into Societies the Scattered drew;
Who, by united Forces, potent grew:
Intrenched Cities, with high Walls immur'd:
But more by well-digested Laws secur'd:
The Crime and Punishment Proportion kept;
And Wrongs, like Wolves, on their first Authors leapt:
Justice, from each Offence, Example took;
And his own Weapon the Delinquent strook:
Spoil seiz'd on Rapine, Blood drew Blood; deterr'd
From doing that, which they to suffer fear'd.
But more than Humane Plagues attend on those,
Who God provoke: He prosecutes his Foes (tear
With sure Revenge. Why should those Hands which
The clouds with thunder, shake the World with fear;
Their Wrath to Man resign? The Impious find
Their Scourge: The Terror of th' astonish'd Mind
Affrights their Peace: who feel what they deny;
And fear an unbeliev'd Deity.

36 CHRIST'S PASSION.

One Day no Period to his Torment gives:
To tremble at the Name of Death he lives;
Still apprehending what than Death is worse;
Long Life awarded, to prolong his Curse.
But if he have your Laws infring'd, be you
Your selves the Judges, and his Guilt pursue.

CAIAPHAS.

Although those ancient Laws, which now remain
Among us, we acknowledg to retain
From *Rome's* free Bounty; yet to you 'tis known,
Our curbed Power can Death inflict on none.
You, to whom *Cæsar's* Fortunes recommend
His (b) Rods and Axes, sacred Rule defend.
This guilty Wretch, whose Practices we fear,
Of late his place of Birth forsaking, where
The Sea is honour'd with *Tiberius* Name,
With Troops of Clients to this City came.

(b) *Rods and Axes.*] Born before the *Roman* Consuls,
Prætors, and Governors of Provinces; bound together in
Bundles, to inform the Magistrate, that he should not be
too swift in Execution, nor unlimited; but that, in the
unbinding thereof, he might have time to deliberate, and
perhaps to alter his Sentence: That some are to be cor-
rected with Rods, and others cut off with Axes, accor-
ding to the quality of their Offences.

Who

Who Seeds of War among the Vulgar sows :
 With what Injustice *Roman Arms* impose
 Their Tribute on a Nation ever free.
 With Magick Charms, and (c) *Stygian Compact*, he
 Attracts Belief : Denies the Dead their Rest,
 Of those unenvy'd Mansions dispossess
 By wicked Spels. These Prodigies delude
 The Novelty-affected Multitude :
 Whom, for their Lord, their loud *Hosannas* greet ;
 And strew the noble Palm beneath his Feet.
 Imboldned by these Arts ; He, as his own
 By Birth, aspires to *David's* ancient Throne.
 When *Rome*, provok'd by his Rebellion, shall
 Arm her just Grief ; we by the Sword must fall,
 Our City sink in Flames, our Country lie
 Depopulated. But (d) since One must dye
 To save the General ; Sentenc'd by thy Breath,
 Let him redeem his Nation with his Death.

(c) *Stygian.*] *Styx* is a Fountain of *Arcadia*, whose Waters so deadly, that they presently kill whatsoever drinks thereof : So corrodiating, that they can only be contained in the Hoof of a Mule. This, in regard of the dire Effects, was feigned by the Poets to be a River in Hell.

(d) *Since one must dye, &c.*] *Caiaphas* prophesied, being then the High Priest, though not of the House of *Aaron*. He was thrown out of his Office by *Lucius Vrellius*, who succeeded *Pilate* ; and *Jonathan*, the Son of *Ananias*, placed in his Room ; when, distracted with Melancholy and Desperation, he received his Death from his own Hands.

PILATE.

Such doubtful Causes grave Advice require:
 Here, if you please, attend; while I retire.
 The Prisoner to the Soldiers Care commit:
 On whom, this Day, we will in Judgment sit.

Chorus of Jewish Women.

You lofty Towers of (e) *Solyma*,
 Thou ancient Throne of Sovereign Sway:
 To thee the conquer'd Tribute paid,
 (f) From th' *Isthmos*, crown'd with Ebon Shade,
 To great *Euphrates* trembling Streams:
Arabians, scorched by *Phæbus* Beams.

(e) *Solyma*] So called by the *Grecians*; as, by the *Hebrews*, *Salem*; and, when *David* had taken it from the *Jebusites*, *Jerusalem*; which is as much as *Jebusalem*, turning B into R for the better Harmony; called, after the building of the Temple, *Hierosolyms* by the *Greeks*, of *Hieron*, which signifies a Temple in their Language.

(f) From th' *Isthmos*.] This *Isthmos* lies between *Egypt* and the Bottom of the Red Sea; from whence, to *Euphrates*, *David* extended his Conquests; enforcing all the *Arabians* to become his Tributaries. Who also overthrew the King of *Sophona* hard by the Eruption of *Tygris*, overcame the *Mesopotamians*, the King of *Damascus*; and drew that City, with all *Syria*, under his Obedience; having before subdued the neighbouring Nations.

(g) Th' ad-

(g) Th' admiring Queen, wing'd with thy Fame,
From her Black-peopled Empire came,
Great Kings, ambitious of thy Love,
To joyn with thee in Friendship strove,
Those who (h) Canopus Sceptre bore;
(i) Those Monarchs who the Sun adore,

(g) Th' admiring Queen, &c.] Josephus makes her Queen of *Ethiopia*; and to have bestowed on Solomon that precious Plant of Balsamm, which he after planted in *Engaddi*: But this grew in *Canaan*, in the Days of *Jacob*; who sent a Present thereof, among other Fruits of that Country, into *Egypt*. The *Ethiopian* Emperors glory in their Descent from *Solomon*, by this Queen; in regard whereof, they greatly favour the *Jewish* Nation. They have a City called *Saba*, which lies on the West Side of the *Arabian* Gulf. But, by the Presents which she brought, and the Vicinity of the Country, it is more probable, that she came from *Saba*, the principal City of *Arabia* the Happy.

(h) Canopus Sceptre, &c.] Kings of *Egypt*; of *Canopus*, a principal City, which stood on that Branch of *Nile*, which is next to *Alexandria*: Taking that Name from *Menelaus*, his Pilor, there buried by his Ship-wreck'd Master.

(i) Those Monarchs, &c.] *Chaldean* Monarchs. *Babylon*, the Seat of their Empire: Who, as the *Persians*, adore the Sun, under the Name of *Mithra*.

And over the Wealthy Orient reign!
 (k) *Sarrana*, Sovereign of the Main.
 Now, ah! a miserable Thrall!
 O, nothing, but a Prayer for all!
 (l) This Land, & one God once chafly wed,
 How often hath she chang'd her Head,
 Since they our Temples ruin'd, Pride
 With bad Preface re-edifi'd!
 Since those, in Foreign Bondage born,
 Did with their Servile Fates return!
 On us (m) *Antiochus* Guilt reflects:
 Our Fathers Sins sit on our Necks.

(k) *Sarrana*.] *Tyrus*: So called, in that it was built on a Rock. The *Arabians* pronounced *Scar* for *Sar*; from whence the *Tyrian Purple* takes the Name of *Scarlet*.

He Cities sacks, and Houses fills with Groans;
 To lie on Scarlet, drink in precious Stones.

Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

Not only *Josephus*, but the Scriptures, make often mention of the ancient Amity between the *Jews* and *Tyrians*.

(l) *This Land*, &c.] See the Note upon (b) Act. 1.

(m) *Antiochus Guilt*.] *Antiochus Epiphanes*; who abrogated their Law; and, by Threatnings and Tortures, enforced the *Jews* to Idolatry; polluting their Altar with sacrificed Swine.

What durst that wicked Age not do,
 Which could those Altars naked view,
 Oft flaming with Celestial Fire!
 Provoking Heaven's deserved Ire
 With their Adulterate Sacrifice!
 For this did Ours so highly prize
 (n) Th' *Ionian* Gods, by Mortals made;
 And Incense to those Idols paid?
 Since when, th' Accurs'd (o) their Brothers slew;
 Wives, less malicious Poyson brew;
 Sons fall by Mothers: We have known
 That, which will be believ'd by none.

(n) *Ionian Gods.*] The Gods of Greece: *Antiochus* being of a Grecian Family, and zealous of their Superstitions.

(o) *Their Brothers slew, &c.*] *Aristobulus*, the first that wore a Crown of the Race of the *Asmones*, upon a false Suspicion, by the Machination of *Salome* the Queen, caused his valiant and affectionate Brother *Antigonus* to be treacherously murdered; who before had imprisoned the rest of his Brethren, and famished his Mother. After the desperate Death of *Aristobulus*, *Alexander* his Brother was removed from a Prison to a Throne; who slew his third Brother, out of a vain Suspicion of his Aspiring to the Kingdom. To conclude, From the first King of the *Asmones*, to the last of the *Herods*, no History is so fruitful in Examples of unnatural Cruelties.

42 CHRIST'S PASSION.

- (p) Twice vanquished by *Roman Arms*;
Twice have their Conquerors our Harms
Remov'd for greater : Fortunes Change
To our proud Masters prov'd as strange.
Yes this no less our Grief provokes,
Our Kindred bear divided Yoaks.
- (q) One part by *Roman Bondage* wrung;
- (r) The other two by Brothers, sprung

(p) *Twice vanquished, &c.*] Pompey was the first of the Romans, that subdued the Jews : Neither were the Romans expelled by any Foreign Prince, but until this time maintained their Government. It must then be meant, by their Expulsion of one another in their Civil Wars : *Julius Cæsar* vanquishing *Pompey* : *Mark Anthony* being his Lieutenant in Syria (who gave a great part of the Territories of the Jews to *Cleopatra*;) after absolute Lord of the Eastern Parts of the Roman Empire : In the End, overthrown and deprived of all by *Augustus*.

(q) *One part by Roman, &c.*] *Judea* reduced into a Roman Province by *Pompey*, and then governed by *Pontius Pilat*.

(r) *The other two by Brothers, &c.*] *Philip* and *Antipas*, (called also *Herod*) Sons to *Herod* the Great : The one Tetrarch of *Iturea*, a Country which lies at the Foot of *Libanus* : And the other, of *Galilee* ; to whom *Agrippa* succeeded (the Son of *Aristobulus*, slain by his Father *Herod*) with the Title of a King, bestowed by *Cæsar*.

(f) From

(f) From Savage *Idumæans*, whom
 Our Fathers have so oft o'ercome.
 O thou, the Hope, the only One,
 Of our Distress, and ruin'd Throne;
 Of whom, with a Prophetick Tongue,
 To *Judah*, dying *Jacob* sung:
 The crowned Muse on Ivory Lyre,
 His Breast inflam'd with holy Fire,
 This oft fore-told; That thou shouldst free
 The People consecrate to thee;
 That thou, triumphing, shouldst revoke
 Sweet Peace, then never to be broke;
 When free'd *Judea* should obey
 One Lord, and all affect his Sway.
 Oh, when shall we behold thy Face,
 So often promis'd to our Race!
 If Prophets, who have won Belief
 By our Mis-haps, and flowing Grief,
 Of joyful Change as truly sung;
 Thy Absence should not now be long.

(f) From *savage Idumæans*.] *Antipater*, the Father of *Herod*, was an *Idumæan*; who, in the Contention between the two Brethren, *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, about the Kingdom, took part with *Hircanus*; and grew so powerful, that he made a Way for his Son to the Sovereignty, though he himself was prevented by Poyson.

44 CHRIST'S PASSION.

Thee, by thy Vertue, we intreat ;
The Temples Vail, the Mercy-Seat ;
(t) That Name, by which our Fathers swear,
Which, in our vulgar Speech, we dare
Not utter, to compassionate
Thy Kindred's Tears, and ruin'd State.
Haste to our great Redemption, haste,
O thou most Holy ! And, at last,
Bless with thy Presence, that we may
To thee our Vows devoutly pay.

(t) *That Name.*] *Jebovab.*

ACT.





Now he that betrayed him, had given them a token, saying, whosoever shall kisse that is he lay hold on him. Matt. 26.

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45

ACT III.

Judas. Caiaphas.

YOU who preserve your pure Integrity;
O you, whose Crimes transcend not Credit, fly
Far from my Presence! whose invenom'd Sight
Pollutes the Guilty. Thou, who Wrong and Right
Distinctly canst discern; whose gentle Breast
All Faith hath not abandon'd, but art blest
With Children, Brothers, Friends; nor hast declin'd
The sweet Affections of a pious Mind;
Shut up the winding Entry of thine Ear,
Nor let the World of such a Bargain hear.
A Sin so horrible should be to none,
Besides the desperate Contractors, known.
Where's now the Mitred Chief? Where's that dire
Of Sacrificers, worthy to be slain (Train
On their own Altars? I have found my Curse:
The Sun, except my self, sees nothing worse.
Hear, without Flie; Oh, hear the too well known:
If you seek for a Witness, I am one
That can the Truth reveal: Or, would you find
A Villain? Here's a Self-accusing Mind.

That

46 CHRIST'S PASSION.

That Sacred Life, O most immaculate!
More than my Masters! to your deadly Hate
Have I betray'd: Discharge my Hands I may,
Although not of the Guilt, yet of the Prey.
Receive the Gift you gave: A Treachery,
Second to mine, you may of others buy.

CAIAPHAS.

If thou accuse thy self of such a Sin
Deservedly, thou hast a Court within,
That will condemn thee. Thy Offences be
No Crimes of ours: Our Consciences are free,
Nor shall the Sacred Treasury receive
The Price of Blood. Thee to thy Fate we leave.

JUDAS.

Is this the Doctrine of your Piety,
To approve the Crime, yet hate the Hire? O fly,
Fly, Wretch, unto the Altar, and pollute
The Temple with thy Sins-accused Fruit.
Nor will I, for my self, with Hopeless Prayer,
Sollicit Heaven; lost in my own Despair:
But God's stern Justice urge, that we, who were
Joyn'd in the Guilt, may equal Vengeance bear.
Nor shall I in my Punishment prove slow:
Behold, your Leader will before you go.

'Tis

'Tis fit you follow, to those silent Deep,
 Those horrid Shades, where Sorrow never sleeps.
 Thou great Director of the Rolling Stars,
 Unless thou idly look'st on Men's Affairs,
 And vainly we thy (a) Brutish Thunder fear;
 Why should thy Land so dire a Monster bear?
 Or the Sun not retire, and yet behold?
 If those, thy fearful Punishments of Old
 Require Belief, in one unite them all:
 Let Seas, in Cataracts from Meteors fall,
 Afford no Shoar, but swallow in their Brine;
 That so the Worlds first Ruin may prove mine.
 Let melting Stars their Sulph'rous Surfeit shed,
 And all the Heavenly Fires fall on my Head.
 And thou, O injur'd Earth, thy Jaws extend,
 That I may to th' Infernal Shades descend:
 Less Cause had thy Revenge, when she the five
 Inrag'd Conspirators devour'd alive
 Those Evils which amaz'd the former Times,
 Thy Fury hath consum'd on smaller Crimes.
 O slow Revenger of his Injuries,
 And He, thy Son! some fearful Death devise,

(a) *Brutish Thunder.* The Philosophers will have two sorts of Lightning: Calling the one Fatal, that is, pre-appointed and Mortal; the other Brutish, that is, accidental, and flying at random.

48 CHRIST'S PASSION.

Unknown and horrid : Or shall I pursue
 My own Offence, and act what thou shouldst do?
 You Legions of Heaven's Exil's, you who take
 Revenge on Mortals for the Crimes you make;
 Why troop ye thus about me? Or what need
 These Terrours? Is my Punishment decreed
 In Hell already? Furies, now I come.
 In your dark Dungeons, what more horrid Room
 Shall now devour me? Must I to that place,
 Where the curst Father of a wicked Race (new,
 Your Scourges feels? Who, when the World was
 And but possess'd by four, his Brother slew.
 Or where that faithless Prince blasphemes, than all
 His Host more eminent; who, lest his Fall
 Should Honour to his Enemies afford,
 Made way for hated Life with his own Sword.
 He most affects me, who his Father's Chair
 Usurp'd; when, caught by his revenging Hair,
 He lost the Earth and Life: The Way he led
 To avoid Death, my willing Feet shall tread.
 Master, I fly to anticipate the Event
 Of my foul Crime with equal Punishment.

Pontius Pilate. The Jews.

Horror distracts my Sense: Irresolute,
 Whether I shall break Silence, or sit mute.
 Envy th' accus'd condemns, whom Justice clears:
 I must confess, perswaded by my Fears,

Left

Left I this State and People should incense,
 I wish'd they could have prov'd that great Offence.
 Yet whatsoever they inforc'd of late,
 No Fault of his reveal'd, but their own Hate.
 His Silence was a vanquishing Reply.
 Who, for detecting their false Piety
 (Whose supercilious Looks, with Fasting pale,
 Close Avarice, and proud Ambition veil)
 Is by their Arts made guilty : One that flights
 The God they adore, and violates his Rites.
 From hence those many-nam'd Offences spring ;
 And his aspiring to become their King.
 Can those poor Fishers of that In-land Sea,
 And Women, following him from *Galilee*,
 So great a Spirit in their Leader raise ;
 That *Rome* should fear, whom all the World obeys ?
 Yet he avers, his Kingdom is unknown,
 Nor of this World ; and bows to *Cæsar's* Throne.
 Prov'd by th' Event : For when the Vulgar bound
 His yielding Hands, they no Resistance found.
 But his Endowments, zealous in Defence
 Of Clouded Truth, their Mortal Hate incense.
 Follow'd by few, who like Affections bear,
 And with Belief their Master's Doctrine hear.
 If true, he may speak freely ; nor must dye
 For Ostentation, though he broach a Lye.
 But if distracted, that's a Punishment
 Even to it self, and Justice doth prevent.

E

(b) He,

50 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(b) He, whom this Annual Solemnity
 Hath now invited to the Temple, by
 His Father built, whose Kingdom borders on
 (c) The Land innobled by *Agenor's* Throne.
 Of these stupendious Acts, by Rumour spread,
 Could fix no Faith, though in his City bred.
 To Laughter doom'd, his Rival *Herod* scorn'd;
 And sent him back, in Purple Robes adorn'd.
 Th' Implacable, now far more fiercely bent
 To prosecute the twice-found Innocent:
 Perhaps afraid lest they their own should lose,
 Unless they him of forged Guilt accuse.
 But when Revenge doth once the Mind engage,
 Oh, how it raves! Lost to all Sense, but Rage!
 No Lioness, late of her Whelps bereft,
 With wilder Fury prosecutes the Theft.
 O Shame! through Fear I sought to shield the Right
 With honest Fraud, and Justice steal by Slight:
 As when the labouring Bark, too weak to stem
 The boisterous Tyde, obliquely cut the Stream.

(b) *He, whom, &c.*] *Herod Antipas*, then *Tetrarch* of *Galilee*; whose Father, *Herod the Great*, so magnificently re-edified the Temple, that the Glory of the later exceeded that of the former.

(c) *The Land, &c.*] *Phœnicia*; the ancient Kingdom of *Agenor*, Son to *Belus Priscus*; who was reputed a God after his Death, and honoured with Temples; called *Bell* by the *Assyrians*, and *Baal* by the *Hebrews*.

They

They have an ancient Custom, if we may
 Believe the Jews, derived from that Day,
 When the delivered Sons of *Israel* (swell :
 Fled from those Banks, (d) whose Floods in Summer
 That ever when the Vernal Moon shall joyn
 Her Silver Orb, and in full Lustre shine,
 They should some one release, to gratifie
 The People, by their Law condemn'd to dye.
 Now, hoping to have free'd the Innocent,
 The violent Priests my Clemency prevent :
 Who urge the heady Vulgar to demand
 One *Barabbas* ; a Thief, who had a Hand
 In every Murther ; not with Humane Blood.
 How little it avails us to be good !
 Preposterous Favour ! through the Hate they bear
 His guiltless Soul, their Votes the Guilty clear.

(d) *Whose Floods in Summer swell.*] Nilus, which constantly begins to rise, with the Rising Sun, on the seventeenth of *June*, increasing by degrees, until it make all the Land a Lake.

Not ty'd to Laws of other Streams ; the Sun,
 When furthest off, thy Streams then poorest run :
 Intemperate Heaven to temper, midst of Heat,
 Under the burning Zone, bid to grow great.
 Then Nile assists the World, lest Fire should quell
 The Earth ; and make his high-born Waters swell
 Against the Lyon's flaming Jaws. —

Lucan. lib. 10.

52 CHRIST'S PASSION.

And now my Wives not idle Dreams perplex (vex
 My struggling Thoughts, which all this Night did
 Her troubled Slumbers ; who conjures me by
 All that is holy, all the Gods, that I
 Should not the Laws of Justice violate,
 To gratifie so undeserv'd a Hate.
 For this shall I the *Hebrew* Fathers flight,
 Th' Endeavours of a Nation so unite,
 Committed to my Charge ? Shall I, for one
 Poor Abject, forfeit all the Good I have done ?
 These pester'd Walls all *Jewry* now infold ;
 The Houses hardly can their Strangers hold,
 Sent from all Parts to this great Festival :
 What if the Vulgar to their Weapons fall ?
 Who knows the End, if once the Storm begin ?
 Sure I, their Judge, egregious Praise should win
 By troubling of the publick Peace. Shall I
 Then render him to Death ? Impiety !
 For what Offence ? Is his Offence not great,
 Whose Innovation may a War beget ?
 Lest Empire suffer, they who Sceptres bear
 Oft make a Crime, and punish what they fear.
 One Hope remains: Our Soldiers, (e) the Free-born,
 And yet, by our Command, with Whips have torn.

(e) *The Free-born*] It was the Custom of the *Romans*,
 to punish Slaves only with Whips, but their Children and
 the Free with Rods.

A Sight so full of Pity may assuage
 The swiftly spreading Fire of Popular Rage.
 Look on this Spectacle ! his Arms all o're
 With Lashes gall'd, deep dy'd in their own Gore !
 His Sides exhausted, all the rest appears
 Like that fictitious Scarlet which he wears !
 And ,for a Crown, (f) the wreathed Thorns infold
 His bleeding Brows ! With Grief his Grief behold !

J E W S.

Away with him : From this Contagion free
 Th' Infected Earth, and nail him on a Tree.

P I L A T E.

What, crucifie your King !

J E W S.

Dominion can
 No Rival brook. His Rule, a Law to Man,
 Whom *Rome* adores, we readily obey :
 And will admit of none but *Cæsar's* Sway.

(f) *The wreathed Thorns.*] In Reverence of this Crown
 of Thorns, which was platted about the Brows of our
 Saviour, the Christians forbore to wear any Garlands on
 their Heads in their Festivals, although it were the Cu-
 stom of those Nations among whom they lived.

54 CHRIST'S PASSION.

He *Cæsar's* Right usurps, who hopes to ascend
The *Hebrew* Throne. Thy own Affairs intend.
Dost thou discharge thy Master's Trust, if in
Thy Government a President begin
So full of Danger, tending to the Rape
Of Majesty? Shall Treason thus escape?

P I L A T E.

The Tumult swells; The Vulgar and the Great
Joyn in their Votes with contributed Heat.
Whose Whisperings such a Change of Murmur raise,
As when the rising Wind's first Fury strays (deform
'Mong Wave-beat Rocks; when gathering Clouds
The Face of Heaven, whose Wrath begets a Storm;
The fearful Pilot then distrusts the Skies,
And to the nearest Port for Refuge flies.
To these rude Clamours they mine Ears inure:
Such sharp Diseases crave a sudden Cure.
You, my Attendants, hither quickly bring
Spot-purging Water from the Living Spring.
(g) Thou liquid Chrystal from Pollution clear;
And you, my innocent Hands, like Record bear,

(g) *Thou liquid Chrystal, &c.*] *Pilate* washed not his
Hands to express his Innocency, as a *Roman* Custom;
but therein observing the *Jewish* Ceremony: Which was,
that he, who would profess himself guiltless of a suspected
Man-slaughter, should wash his Hands over a Heifer,
with her Head cut off.

On whom these cleansing Streams so purely run;
 I voluntarily have nothing done.
 Nor am I guilty, though he guiltless dye:
 Yours is the Crime; his Blood upon you lie.

J E W S.

Rest thou secure. If his Destruction shall
 Draw down Celestial Vengeance, (b) let it fall
 Thick on our Heads, in Punishment renew:
 And ever our dispersed Race pursue.

P I L A T E.

Then I, from this Tribunal, mounted on
 Imbellish'd Marble, Judgments Awful Throne,
 Thus censure: (i) Lead him to the Cross; and, by
 A servile Death, let *Judah's* King there dye.

(b) *Let it fall, &c.*] This Imprecation soon after fell upon them, in all the fulness of Horreur; and, throughout the World, at this day pursues them.

(i) *Lead him to the Cross, &c.* Pilate, not only out of Fear, and against his Conscience, but therein infringed a Law lately made by *Tiberius*, in the sudden Execution; for, by the same, no Offender was to suffer within ten days after his Condemnation. But he met with a Nemesis; soon after turn'd out of his Government, by *Vitellius*, for his Cruelty inflicted upon the *Samaritans*; and sent to Rome, with his Accusers: But *Tiberius* dying before his Arrival, he was banished the City by *Caius*. Who, troubled in Mind, and desperate of Restitution, slew himself at Vienna, in France, within two Years after.

Chorus of Jewish Women. JESUS.

WE all deplore thy Miseries:
 For Thee we beat our Breasts: Our Eyes
 In bitter Tears their Moisture shed.
 (k) If thou be he by Ravens fed,

(k) *If thou be he, &c.]* By this place, taken out of the Gospel, it appears, that divers of the *Jews* were of the Opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, or the *Pythagoreans* of theirs, concerning the Transmigration of Souls into other Bodies.

*All alter; nothing finally decays;
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;
 Guest to all Bodies: Out of Beasts, it flies
 To Men; from Men, to Beasts; and never dies.
 As pliant Wax each new Impression takes;
 Fix'd to no Form, but still the Old forsakes:
 Yet is the same: So Souls the same abide,
 Though various Figures their Reception hide.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

Herod conceived, that the Soul of *John the Baptist*, by him wickedly murder'd, was entred into the Body of our blessed Saviour. And *Josephus*, in his Oration to his desperate Companions in the Cave of *Jotapata*; *Those poor Souls, which depart from this Life by the Law of Nature, and obediently render what from God they received, shall by him be placed in the highest Heavens; and from thence again, after a certain Revolution of Time, descend, by Command, to dwell in chaste Bodies.*

Aloft

Aloft on flaming Chariot born;
 Yet wouldst to cruel Lords return:
 Or that sad Bard, believ'd too late,
 Who sung his Countries Servile Fate;
 Now come to figh her Destiny,
 Alike unhappy; twice to dye:
 Or he, long nourish'd in the Wood,
 Who late in *Jordan's* cleansing Flood
 So many wafh'd; that durst reprove
 A King for his Incestuous Love;
 (1) Slain for a Dancer. If the same,
 Or other of an elder Fame,
 Sent back to Earth, in Vices drown'd,
 To raife it from that dark Profound;
 'Tis fure thy Sanctity exceeds,
 Blaz'd by thy Vertue, and thy Deeds.
 Oh, never more, ring'd with a Throng
 Of Followers, shall thy facred Tongue
 Inform our Actions; nor the Way
 To Heaven, and Heavenly Joys, display!
 The Blind, who now the unknown Light
 Beholds, scarce trufting his own Sight,

(1) *Slain for a Dancer.*] This Daughter of *Herodias*, as
Nicephorus writes, going over a River that was frozen,
 fell in, all but the Head; which was cut off with the Ice,
 as her Body waved up and down underneath.

Thy

58 CHRIST'S PASSION.

Thy Gift shall not the Giver see:
 Those Maladies, subdu'd by thee,
 Which powerful Art and Herbs desie,
 No more thy Sovereign Touch shall fly.
 Nor Loaves, so tacitly increas'd,
 Again so many Thousands feast.
 Thou Rule of Life's Perfection,
 By Practice, as by Precept, shown;
 Late hemm'd with Auditors, whose Store
 Incumbred the too narrow Shoar;
 The Mountains cover'd with their Prefs,
 The Mountains than their People less:
 For whom our Youths their Garments strew,
 Victorious Boughs before thee threw,
 While thou in Triumph rid'st along,
 Saluted with a joyful Song:
 Now, see what Change from Fortune springs!
 O dire Vicissitude of Things!
 Betray'd, abandon'd by thy own;
 Dragg'd by thy Foes, oppos'd by none!
 Thou Hope of our afflicted State,
 Thou Balm of Life, and Lord of Fate;
 Not erst to such unworthy Bands
 Didst thou submit thy powerful Hands.
 Loe, he who gave the Dumb a Tongue,
 With patient Silence bears his Wrong!
 The Soldier, ah! renews his Blows;
 The Whip new-op'ned Furrows shows,
 Which now in angry Tumours swell:
 To us their Wrath the *Romans* sell.

Loe,

Loe, how his Members flow ! the Smart
 Confin'd to no particular part :
 His Stripes, which make all but one Sore,
 Run in confused Streams of Gore.
 Art thou the Slave of thy own Fate,
 To bear thy Torments cursed weight ?
 What *Arab*, though he wildly stray
 In wandering Tents, and live by Prey ;
 Or *Cyclops*, who no Pity knows,
 Would such a cruel Task impose ?
 Oh, that the fatal Pressure might
 Sink thee to Earth, nor weigh more light
 Than Death upon thee, that thy weak,
 Untwisted Thread of Life might break !
 It were a Blessing so to dye :
 But Oh, for how great Cruelty
 Art thou reserv'd ! The Cross thou now
 Support'st, must with thy Burthen bow.

J E S U S.

Daughters of *Selyma*, no more
 My Wrongs thus passionately deplore.
 These Tears for future Sorrows keep :
 Wives, for your selves and Children weep.
 That horrid Day will shortly come,
 When you shall bless the Barren Womb,
 And Breast that never Infant fed :
 Then shall you wish the Mountains Head

Would

60 CHRIST'S PASSION.

Would from his trembling Basis slide,
And all in Tombs of Ruins hide,

CHORUS.

Alas ! thou Spotless Sacrifice
To greedy Death ! No more our Eyes
Shall see thy Face ! Ah, never more
Shalt thou return from Death's dark Shoar.
Though *Lazarus*, late at thy Call,
Brake through the Bars of Funeral ;
Rais'd from that Prison, to review
The World, which then he hardly knew :
Who forthwith former Sense regains ;
The Blood sprung in his heated Veins ;
His Sinews supple grew, yet were
Again almost congeal'd with Fear.
Thy Followers, (*m*) *Sadock*, now may know
Their Errour from the Shades below.
A few, belov'd by the Most High,
Through Vertue of the Deity,
To others rarely rendred Breath :
None ever rais'd himself from Death.

(*m*) *Sadock*.] The Author of the Sect of the Sadducees.
See the Nore upon (*f*) Act 1.

ACT

es.
T



And when they had bound him, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the Governour. Mat: 27

CHRIST'S PASSION 67

ACT IV.

First Nuncius. Chorus of Jewish Women.

Second Nuncius.

I From the horrid Act that ever fed
The Fire of barbarous Rage, at length am fled:
Yet, Oh, too near! The Object still pursues;
Flotes in mine Eyes, and that sad Scene renews.

CHORUS.

Art thou a Witness of his Misery?
Saw'st thou the Galilean Prophet dye?

First Nuncius.

Those Savages, to Scythian Rocks confin'd,
Who know no God, nor Vertue of the Mind,
But



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CHRIST'S PASSION

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62 CHRIST'S PASSION.

But only Sense pursue ; who Hunger tame
With slaughtred Lives ; they, and their Food, the
Would this detest. (same,

CHORUS.

Vain Innocence ! Would none
Lend him a Tear ? Were all transform'd to Stone ?

First Nuncius.

No certainly ; yet so commiserate,
As Pity prov'd more tyrannous than Hate.
The curst Tree, with too much weight, oppress
His stooping Shoulders : Death had now releas'd
His fainting Soul ; but, Oh ! the Lenity
Of Malice would not suffer him to dye.
Part of the Load impos'd, with idle Scorn,
On *Lybian Simon*, in *Cyrene* born.
To whom th'affected Quiet of the Fields,
Secur'd by Poverty, no Safety yields.
The Furies of the City him surprize,
Who from the Vices of the City flies :
Who bears not his own Burthen, that none may
Mis-doubt, the Innocent became their Prey.

CHORUS.

Forthwith unmask this wretched Face of Woe :
All that he suffer'd, and the manner show.
What

What words brake from his sorrow? Give thy tongue
A liberal Scope : Our Minds not seldom long
To know what they abhor ; nor spare our Ears :
What can be heard, is fancied by our Fears.

First Nuncius.

Without the City, on that side which lies
Exposed to the boysterous Injuries
Of the cold North, (a) to War a fatal Way,
Infamous by our Slaughters, (b) *Golgotha*
Exalts his Rock. No Flowers there paint the Field,
Nor flourishing Trees refreshing Shadows yield :

(a) *To War the fatal Way.*] The City of *Jerusalem* is only on that side assailable : There forced and entred by the *Babylonians*, and after by *Pompey*.

(b) *Golgotha*. Mount *Calvary* : A Rocky Hill, neither high nor ample, lying then without the North-west Wall of the City ; the publick place of Execution. Here they say, that *Abraham* would have sacrificed *Isaac* ; in Memory whereof, there now standeth a Chappel ; as an Altar, where the Head of *Adam* was found, which gave the Name to that Mount : Buried in that place, that his Bones might be sprinkled with the real Blood of our Saviour ; which he knew would be there shed, by a propheticall Fore-knowledg. It is said to stand in the midst of the Earth, which must needs be meant by the then Habitable ; for what Middle can there be in a Spherical Body ?

64 CHRIST'S PASSION.

The Ground all white, with Bones of Mortals' spread,
 Stench'd with the Putrefaction of the Dead,
 And Relicks of unburied Carcasses.
 Who on his aged Father's Throat durst seize,
 Rip up his Mother's Womb; who Poyson drest
 For his own Brother; or his unknown Guest
 Betray'd, and gave his mangled Flesh, for Food,
 Unto the wild Inhabitants of the Wood;
 This Stage of Death deserv'd: while every foul
 Mis-deed of theirs pursues the guilty Soul.
 Now when (c) the *Nazarite* at this dismal place
 Arrived, with a weak and tardy Pace;
 Left he should dye too quickly, some proffer
 Sweet Wine, (d) mixt with the bitter Tears of Myrrh.

(c) *The Nazarite.*] Not as *Sampson*, by Vow; nor of that Sect; but so called, of that City wherein he was conceived, and where he inhabited after his Return out of *Egypt*.

(d) *Mixt with the bitter Tears of Myrrh.*] Some suppose, that this was proffered him by his Friends, being of a stupefying Quality, to make him less of his Torments. But it appears by *Petronius* and *Pliny*, that it was a Mixture much used in their Delights: Whereof *Martial*;

The Tears of Myrrh in hot Falernum thaw:

From this the Wine a better Taste will draw.

Epig. lib. 14.

Strengthening the Body, and refreshing the Spirits; and therefore more likely proffered by his Enemies, to prolong his Sufferings.

He of the idle Present hardly tastes ;
But to encounter with his Torments hastes.
The Steel now bor'd his Feet, whose slit Veins spout
Like pierced Conduits ; both his Arms stretcht out.
His Hands fixt with two Nails. While his great Soul
These Tortures suffer'd, while the rising Bole
Forsook the Earth, and Crimson Torrents sprung
From his fresh Wounds, he gave his Grief no Tongue.
The Cross advanc'd, and fix'd ; then, as more nigh
To his own Heaven, his Eyes bent on the Sky,
Among such never to be equall'd Woes
(Who would believe it !) pities his stern Foes ;
And thinks those false Contrivers, those who gor'd
His Flesh with Wounds, more fit to be deplor'd ;
Who even their merited Destruction fears ;
And, falsely judg'd, the truly Guilty clears.
Father, he cries, forgive this Sin : They knew
Not what they did, nor know now what they do.
Mean while the Soldiers, who in Blood delight,
With hearts more hard than Rocks, behold this sight
And savage Rigour never reconcil'd
To Pity, all Humanity exil'd :
Who, us'd to Pillage, now intend their Prey ;
Nor for his Death, though then a dying, stay ;
But he alive, and looking on, divide
The Spoil ; yet more in the Spectator joy'd,
Fury in Trifles sports : Their Scorn his poor,
Yet parted Garments distribute to four.

66 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(e) His inward Robe, with one Contexture knit,
 Nor of the like Division would admit ;
 Their Votes to the Dispose of Lots refer,
 Electing Chance for their blind Arbiter.
 Nor was't the least of Evils to behold
 Th' ignoble Partners of his Pain ; who, old
 In Mischief, rob'd the murther'd Passengers ;
 Follow'd by Troops, that fill'd the Night with Fears.
 While thus they hung, none could the Doubt explain,
 Whether He more had fav'd, than They had slain.
 The numerous Index of each bloody Deed (read
 Now brand their Lives : when those who could not
 At such a distance, of the next enquire
 For what they dy'd ; who had the same Desire.
 But above his declining Head they hung
 A Table in three Languages : The Tongue
 The first of Tongues, which taught our *Abrahamites*
 Those Heavenly Precepts, and mysterious Rites ;
 Next, that which to th' informing World imparts
 The *Grecian* Industry, and learned Arts ; (takes
 Then this, from whence the conquer'd Earth now
 Her Laws, and at the *Roman* Virtue quakes ;
 All of one Sense. His Place of Birth, his Name
 Declare ; and for the *Hebrew* King proclaim.

(e) *His inward Robe.*] There be, who write, that this
 was woven by the Virgin *Mary* : And we read in the Scri-
 ptures, as frequently in *Homer* and other Authors, that
 Women, and those of the highest Quality, usually wrought
 Garments for their Children and Husbands.

After

After the bloody Priests so long had fed
 On this lov'd Spectacle ; at length they read
 The Title : And, in such a Misery,
 So full of Ruth, found something to envy.
 The Governour intreating to take down
 That glorious Style ; lest he the *Hebrew* Crown
 Should vindicate in Death ; and so deny,
 That Princes by Subordinates should dye.
 But who that Day so readily comply'd
 To give a Life, austerely this deny'd.

C H O R U S.

While lingring Death his sad Release deferr'd,
 How lookt the Standers by? What Words were heard?

First Nuncius.

Not all alike : Discording Murmurs rise.
 Some, with transfix'd Hearts, and wounded Eyes,
 Astonish'd stand : Some joy in his slow Fate,
 And, to the last, extend their barbarous Hate.
 Motion it self Variety begets ;
 And, by a strange Vicissitude, regrets
 What it affected, nor one Posture bears :
 Tears scornful Laughter raise, and Laughter Tears.
 Who, to the Temple, from th' impoverish'd Shoar
 Of *Galilee*, his followed Steps adore,
 And ministred to his Life, now of his End
 The Witnesses ; still, to their dying Friend,
 Their Faith preserve ; which, as they could, they
 In all th' Expressions of a perfect Woe. (show,

68 *CHRIST's PASSION.*

One, from her panting Breast her Garments tear ;
 Another, the bright Tresses of her Hair ;
 This, with her naked Arms her Bosom beats ;
 The hollow Rock her fearful Shrieks repeats :
 She, stiff with Sorrow. But what Grief could vie
 With that Example of all Piety,
 His Virgin Mother's ! This affords no way
 To lessening Tears, nor could it self display.
 Where should she fix her Looks ! If on the Ground ;
 She sees, that, with her Blood, he bleeding, drown'd :
 Or if she raise her Eyes, the killing Sight
 Of her Womb's tortur'd Issue quench'd their Light.
 Fearing to look on either, both disclose
 Their Terrors ; who now licenses her Woes.
 Ready to have stepp'd forward, and embrac'd
 The bloody Cross, her feeble Limbs stuck fast :
 Her Feet their Motion lost ; her Voice in vain
 A Passage sought : Such Grief could not complain.
 Whose Soul almost as great a Sorrow stung,
 As his, who on the Tree in Torments hung.
 That Youth, one of the Twelve, so dignify'd
 By his dear Master's Love, stood by her Side.
 Beholding this sad Pair, those Souls that were
 To him than Life, while Life remain'd, more dear ;
 He found another Cross : His Spirits melt
 More for the Sorrow seen, than Torments felt.
 At length, in Strength transcending either, brake
 The Bars of his long Silence, and thus spake :
 A Legacy to each of you I leave :
 Mother, this Son, instead of me, receive

By

By thy Adoption : And thou gentle Boy,
The Seed of *Zebedeus*, late my Joy,
Thy Friend now for thy Mother take. This said,
Again he to his Torments bow'd his Head.
The Vulgar, with the Elders of our Race,
And Soldiers, shake their Heads in his disgrace :
Is this the Man, said they, whose Hands can raise
The Temple, and rebuild it in three Days ?
Now shew thy Strength. Or if the Thunderer
Above the Rank of Mortals thee prefer,
Acknowledg'd for his Heir ; let him descend,
Confirm thy Hopes, and timely Succour lend.
Behold, the Help thou gav'st to others, fails (Nails,
The Authour. Break these Bonds, these stubborn
And from the Cross descend : Then we will say,
Thou art our King, and thy Commands obey.
Nor was't enough, that the surrounding Throng
Wound with Reproaches : Who besides him hung,
Doth now again a Murtherer's Mind disclose ;
And in his Punishment more wicked grows.
Who thus : If thou be he whom God did chuse
To govern the free'd Nation of the *Jews*,
Thy self, and us release : Thus Honour win.
The Partner of his Death, as of his Sin,
Who had his Fierceness, with the Thief, cast off,
Ill brooks, and thus reproves that impious Scoff :
Hast thou as yet not learnt to acknowledg God ?
Nor sacred Justice fear, who now the Rod
Of Vengeance feel'st ? Wilt thou again offend,
And to the Jaws of Hell thy Guilt extend ?

70 CHRIST'S PASSION.

This Death we owe to our Impiety :
 But what are his Mis-deeds? Why should he dye?
 Then looking on his Face with dropping Eyes :
 Forgive me, O forgive a Wretch, he cries :
 And O my Lord, my King, when thou shalt be
 Restor'd to thy own Heaven, remember me.
 He mildly gives consent ; and from the Bars
 Of that sad Cross, thus rais'd him to the Stars :
 With me, a happy Guest, thou shalt enjoy
 Those sacred Orchards, where no Frosts destroy
 The Eternal Spring, before the morn display
 The Purple Ensign of the ensuing Day.

CHORUS.

What's this! (f) the Centre pants with sudden throws!
 And trembling Earth a sad Distemper shows!
 (g) The Sun, affrighted, hides his Golden Head ;
 From hence, by an unknown Ecliptick, fled!

(f) *The Centre pants, &c.*] This Earth-quake proceeded not from the Winds, imprisoned in the Bowels of the Earth, struggling to break forth, or from any other natural Cause ; but by the immediate Finger of God.

(g) *The Sun, affrighted, hides, &c.*] Miraculous ; without the Interposition of the Moon, or palpable Vapours, was that Defect of the Sun, and unnatural Darkness, in the sixth Hour of the Day, which appeareth, by the Text, to have covered all the World ; and not *Judea* alone, as some have conjectured. Divers Authors have recorded this in their Annals and Histories, but none so exactly as *Dionysius Areopagita* ; Who then resided in *Egypt*, and was an Eye-witness.

Irregular

Irregular Heavens abortive Shades display;
 And Night usurps the empty Throne of Day!
 What Threats do these dire Prodigies portend
 To our offending Race! Those Ills transcend
 All that can be imagin'd, which inforce
 Disturbed Nature to forget her Course.
 I hear approaching Feet: What e'er thou art,
 Whom Darkness from our Sight conceals, impart
 All that thou know'st to our prepared Ears:
 Accomplish, or dissolve our pressing Fears.

Second Nuncius.

Fury (from which, if loose, the Earth had fled)
 And fatal Stars have their Event: He's dead.

CHORUS.

O Heaven! we pardon now Day's hasty Flight;
 Nor will complain, since they have quench'd this
 Yet tell how he dispos'd of his last Breath; (Light.
 The Passages and Order of his Death.

Second Nuncius.

As the declining Sun the Shades increas'd,
 Reflecting on the more removed East,

His blazing Hair grew black : No Cloud obscures
 His vanish'd Light ; this his own Orb immures.
 The Day's fourth part as yet invests the Pole,
 Were this a Day, when from the afflicted Soul
 This Voice was clearly heard, not like the Breath
 Of those who labour between Life and Death.
 My God ; Oh, why dost thou thy own forsake !
 Which purposely the Multitude mistake,
 But to prolong their cruel Mirth ; who said,
 He on the *Thesbian* Prophet calls for Aid ;
 Now to return, and draw from Heaven again
 Devouring Showrs of Fire, or Floods of Rain.
 With Silence this he endures. His Body wrent,
 His Blood exhausted, and his Spirits spent,
 He cry'd, I thirst. As Servants to his Will,
 (b) The greedy Hollows of a Sponge they fill
 With Vinegar, which Hyssops Sprigs combine,
 And on a Reed exalt the deadly Wine.

(b) *The greedy Hollows of a Sponge, &c.*] Physicians agree, that Vinegar being drank, or held to the Nose, hath in it a natural Vertue for the Stencking of Blood. *Pliny* attributes the like to Hyssop ; and the better, if joyned. Neither is it to be thought, that the *Jews* offered this unto *JESUS* in Humanity, but rather out of their Hatred ; that, by prolonging his Life until the Evening, his Legs might have been broken, to the Increase of his Torments.

This scarcely tasted, his pale Lips once more
 He opens ; and now, louder than before,
 Cry'd, All is finish'd ; here my Labours end :
 To thee, O Heavenly Father, I commend
 My parting Soul. This said, hung down his Head ;
 And, with his Words, his mixed Spirits fled ;
 Leaving his Body, which again must bleed,
 Now senseless of the Cross. From Prison free'd,
 Those happy Seats he enjoys, by God assign'd
 To injur'd Vertue, and th' Etherial Mind.
 But Terrours, which with Nature war, affright
 Our Peaceless Souls. The World hath lost its Light :
 Heaven, and the Deeps below, our Guilt pursue :
 (i) Pale Troops of wandering Ghosts now hurry
 The holy City ; whom, from her unknown (through
 And secret Womb, the trembling Earth hath thrown.

(i) *Pale Troops of wandering Ghosts.*] These were the real Bodies of the Dead, which entred the City from their Graves (for it was, as now, their Custom to bury in the Fields) and seen by Day : Whereas deluding Spirits assume an Airy, thin and fluxative Body, condensed by Cold, but dissipated by Heat ; and therefore only appear in the Night time. Which *Virgil* intimates in the Ghost of *Anchises* :

*And now farewell : The humid Night descends ;
 I scent Day's Breath in his too swift Repair.
 This said, like Smoak, he vanisheth to Air.*

Æncid. lib. 12.

(k) The

74 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(k) The cleaving Rocks their horrid Jaws display :
And yawning Tombs afford the Dead a Way
To those that live. Heaven is the general
And undistinguish'd Sepulchre to all.

(l) Old *Chaos* now returns. Ambitious Night
Impatient of Alternate Rule, or Right,
Such as before the Days *Etherial* Birth,
With her own shady People fills the Earth.

(k) *The cleaving Rocks.*] The Rock of Mount *Calvary* was wrent, by that Earth-quake, from the Top to the Bottom, which at this day is to be seen : The Rupture, such as Art could have no hand in ; each side answerably ragged, and there where unaccessible to the Work-man.

(l) *Old Chaos now returns.*] That confused-Mass, out of which God created the beautiful World ; into which it was imagined, that it should be again reduced.

*The aged World, dissolved by the last
And fatal Hour, shall to Old Chaos haste.
Stars, jostling Stars, shall in the Deep confound
Their radiant Fires : The Land shall give no Bound
To swallowing Seas : The Moon shall cross the Sun,
With Scorn, that her swift Wheels obliquely run,
Day's Throne aspiring. Discord then shall rend
The World's crack'd Frame, and Nature's Concord end.*

Lucan. lib. 4.

But many of our Divines are of Opinion, that the World shall neither be dissolved, nor annihilated ; strengthening their Assertion out of the 8th. of the *Romans*, and other places of Scripture.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

How did the many-minded People look
At these Portents? With what Affection struck?

Second Nuncius.

The Lamentations, mixed with the Cries
Of weeping Women, in loud Volumes rise.
Those who had known him, who his Followers were
While yet he liv'd, and did in Death adhere,
In that new Night, Sighs from their Sorrows send;
And to those Heavens they could not see, extend
Their pious Hands; complaining, that the Sun
Would then appear, when this was to be done.
The Safety of their Lives the Vulgar dread:
Some for themselves lament, some for the Dead;
Others the Ruin of the World bewail.
Their Courages the cruel *Romans* fail:
Those Hands, which knew no Peace, now lazy grew;
And conquering Fear to Earth their Weapons threw.
(*m*) Th' amaz'd Centurion with our Thoughts com-
And swore, the Heroe most unjustly dy'd: (ply'd
Whose Punishment the Earth could hardly brook;
But groaning, with a horrid Motion shook.)

(*m*) *Tb' amaz'd Centurion.*] To this Centurion, who
professed *CHRIST* to be the Son of God, they give
the Name of *Longinus*; and honour him with the Crown
of Martyrdom.

Confirmed

76 CHRIST'S PASSION.

Confirmed by the Days prodigious Flight,
To be a Beam of the Celestial Light :
And so the mourning Heaven's inverted Face
Shews to the Under World his Heavenly Race.

C H O R U S.

Why flock the People to the Temple thus ?
No Cause, excepting Piety, in us
Can want Belief. Hope they to satisfy,
With Sacrifice, the Wrath of the Most High ?

Second Nuncius.

New Prodiges, as horrid, thither hale
Th' astonish'd Multitude. (n) The Temple's Vail,

(n) *The Temple's Vail*] Described by *Josephus*, to consist of Violet, Purple and Scarlet Silk, cunningly mixed and wrought by *Babylonian* Needles : The Colours containing a Mystical Sense. Such was that of *Solomon's*, and of the travelling Tabernacle ; but that they were powdered with Cherubins. This, it should seem, was renewed by *Herod*, when he so magnificently repaired the Temple. It hung before the *Sanctum Sanctorum* ; into which none but the High Priest, and that but once in the Year, was to enter : Violated by *Pompey*, pursued by a miserable Destiny. There was an outward Vail, not unlike the other, which separated the Priests from the People : This, contrary to the Opinion of our Author, *Baronius* conceives to be that which then went asunder ; interpreted to signify the final Abolishing of the Law Ceremonial. They write, that, at the Tearing thereof, a Dove was seen to fly out of the Temple.

That

That hung on gilded Beams, in Purple dy'd,
 Asunder wrent, and fell on either side.
 The Trust of what was sacred, is betray'd;
 And all the *Hebrew* Mysteries display'd.
 That fatal Ark, so terrible of old
 To our pale Foes, which Cherubins of Gold (held
 Vail'd with their hovering Wings; whose Closure
 Those two-leav'd Tables, wherein God reveal'd
 His sacred Laws: That Food which, by a new
 Example, fell from Heaven in fruitful Dew
 About our Tents; and tacitly exprest,
 By intermitted Showers, the Seventh Day's Rest:
 The Rod, with never-dying Blossoms spread;
 Which, with a Mitre, honour *Aaron's* Head:
 These, with th' old Temple, perish'd: Th' Eye could
 No Object in this Rupture, but the Breach. (reach
 What was from former Ages hid, is shown;
 Which struck so great a Reverence, when unknown.
 The Temple shines with Flames; and, to the Sight
 That fear'd Recess, disclos'd with its own Light.
 Either Religion from their Fury flies,
 Leaving it naked to prophaner Eyes;
 (o) Or God doth this abhorred Seat reject,
 And will his Temple in the Mind erect.

(o) Or God doth this abhorred, &c.] *Eusebius*, *St. Jerome*, and others report, that, with this Earth-quake at the Passion, the Doors of the Temple flew open, and that the Tutular Angels were heard to cry, "Let us remove from this place; though *Josephus* refers it to the Destruction of the Temple."

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Shall Punishment in Death yet find an End?
 Shall his cold Corps to Earth in Peace descend?
 Or naked hang; and, with so dire a Sight,
 Prophane the Vesper of the sacred Night?

Second Nuncius.

Too late Religion warms their savage Breasts,
 Lest that near Hour, which harbengers their Feast,
 Should take them unprepar'd: To *Pilate* they
 Repair; intreat him, that the Soldier may
 From Bloody Crosses take their Bodies down,
 Before their Festivals the Morning crown;
 That no Uncleanness might from thence arise,
 In Memory of th' *Egyptian* Sacrifice. (Breath
 The Legs of the two Thieves they brake, whose
 Yet groan'd between the Bounds of Life and Death.
 The crashing Bones report a dreadful Sound,
 While both their Souls at once a Passage found.
 Nor had the Cohort less to Jesus done,
 Who now the Course, prescrib'd by Fate, had run:
 But dead, deep in his Side, his trembling Spear,
 A Soldier strake: His Entrails bare appear;
 And from that wide-mouth'd Orifice, a Flood
 Of Water gush'd, mix'd with a Stream of Blood.
 The Crosses now discharged of their Fraught,
 The People fled; not with one Look, or Thought:

Part

Part sad, and part amaz'd. Spent Fury dies.
 Whither so fast? Run you to sacrifice
 A silly Lamb? Too mean an Offering
 Is this for you, who have sacrific'd your King?

CHORUS.

Either deceiv'd by the ambiguous Day,
 Or Troops of Mourners to my Eyes display
 A perfect Sorrow: Women with their bare (Hair.
 And bleeding Breasts, drown'd Cheeks, dis-shevel'd
 The Soldiers slowly march, with Knees that bend
 Beneath their Fears, and *Pilate's* Stairs ascend.

Chorus of Roman Soldiers.

O Thou, who on thy flaming Chariot rid'st;
 And, with perpetual Motion, Time divid'st:
 Great King of Day, from whose far-darting Eye,
 Night-wandering Stars with fainting Splendour fly;
 Whither, thus intercepted, dost thou stray!
 Through what an unknown Darkness lies thy Way!
 In Heaven, what new-born Night the Day invades!
 The Mariner, that sails by (p) *Tyrian Gades*,

(p) *Tyrian Gades.*] *Gades*, now called *Cales*, an Island lying on the South of *Spain*, without *Hercules Pillars*, held to be the uttermost Confines of the Western World, was planted by a Colony of the *Tyrians*.

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(q) As yet sees not thy panting Horses steep
 Their fiery Fetlocks in th' *Hesperian* Deep.
 No pitchy Storm, wrapp'd up in swelling Clouds,
 By Earth exhal'd, thy Golden Tresses shrouds :
 Nor thy pale Sister, in her wandering Race,
 With interposed Wheels obscures thy Face ;
 But now far off retires with her stoll'n Light,
 Till in a Silver Orb her Horns unite. (known,
 (r) Hath some *Thessalian* Witch, with Charms un-
 Surpris'd and bound thee ! (f) What new *Phaeron*,
 With feeble Hands, to guide thy Chariot strives,
 And far from the deserted *Zodiack* drives !
 What horrid Fact, before th' Approach of Night,
 Deservedly deprives the World of Light !
 (r) As when stern *Atræus* to his Brother gave
 His Childrens Flesh, who made his own their Grave :

(q) *As yet sees not thy panting Horses, &c.*] A Chariot and Horses were attributed to the Sun, in regard of the Swiftneſs of his Motion ; and to expreſs what is beyond the Object of the Senſe, by that which is ſubject unto it. Theſe alſo, by the Idolatrous *Jews*, were conſecrated unto him. The Sun was feigned to deſcend into the Sea, becauſe it ſo appeareth to the Eye ; the Horizon being there moſt perſpicuous.

(r) *Hath ſome Theſſalian Witch, &c.*] The *Theſſalian* Women were infamous for their Inchantments ; ſaid to have the power to darken the Sun, and draw the Moon from her Sphere. Such *Lucan's Eriſtho* :

Her

*Her Words, to Poyson the bright Moon, aspire ;
 First pale, then red, with dark and Terrene Fire :
 As when deprived of her Brother's Sight,
 Earth interposing his Celestial Light :
 Perplex'd with tedious Charms, and held below,
 Till she on under Herbs her Gelly throw.*

Phar. lib. 6.

The Author of this Opinion was *Aglonice*, the Daughter of *Hegæmon* : Who being skilful in Astronomy, boasted to the *Thessalian* Women (fore-knowing the Time of her Eclipse) that she would perform it at such a Season ; which hapning accordingly, and they beholding the distemper'd Moon, gave Credit to her Deception. The like may arise from the Eclipses of the Sun.

(f) *What new Phaeton.*] The Fable of *Phaeton*, the Son of *Phæbus*, as the Allegory, is notorious ; who, by mis-guiding the Chariot of the Sun, set all the World on a Conflagration.

(t) *As when stern Atreus, &c.*] *Atreus*, having had his Bed dishonoured by his Brother *Thyestes*, slew his Children, and gave them for Food to their Father ; when the Sun, to avoid so horrid a Sight, fled back to the Orient. So feigned, in that *Atreus* first discovered the Annual Course of the Sun ; which is contrary to his Diurnal.

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Or when the Vestal (u) *Ilia's* God-like Son,
Who our unbounded Monarchy begun,
Was in an hundred pieces cut ; by Theft
At once of Life and Funerals bereft.

(w) Or hath that Day wherein the Gods were born
Finish'd the Course of Heaven in its Return ;
And now the aged Stars refuse to run
Beyond that place, from whence they first begun !
Nature, what Plagues dost thou to thine intend !
Whither shrinks this huge Mass ! What fatal End !

If now the general Flood again retire,
(x) If the World perish by licentious Fire,
What shall of those devouring Seas become !
Where shall those Funeral-Ashes find a Tomb !

Whatever innovates the Course of things,
To Men alone, nor Nations, Ruin brings :

(y) Either the growing World's disordered Frame
Now suffers, or that Power which guides the same.

(z) Do proud *Titanians*, with their impious War,
Again provoke th' *Olympian* Thunderer ?

(u) *Ilia's Godlike Son, &c.*] *Romulus* ; cut into an hundred pieces, by the hundred Lords of the Senate, for being so rigorous to them, and so indulgent to the People ; every one carrying a piece away with him under his long Gown, to conceal the Murther ; when *Julius Proculus*, to appease the People, swore that he saw him ascend into Heaven : Whereupon, they consecrated Temples unto him, and gave him Divine Honours ; changing his Name into *Quirinus*.

(w) Or hath that Day, &c.] The Great Year ; when all the

the Planets (here called Gods, because they carry their Names) shall return to that Position which they were in at the Beginning; comprising, according to Cicero's *Horatensius*, the Revolution of twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty Years.

(x) *If the World perish by licentious Fire.*] The Romans could not then have this from St. Peter, but rather from the Prophecies of the Sibyls:

*The Signs the World's Combustion shall fore-run:
Arms clashing, Trumpets, from the rising Sun
Horrible Fragors, heard by all: This Frame
Of Nature then shall feed the greedy Flame.
Men, Cities, Floods and Seas, by ravenous Lust
Of Fire devour'd, all shall resolve to Dust.*

Orac. lib. 4.

From hence perhaps the ancient Philosophers derived their Opinions; as Seneca a Later, *The Stars shall encounter one another; and what now shines so orderly, shall burn in one Fire.*

(y) *Either the groaning World, &c.*

(z) *Do proud Titanians, &c.*] The Poets feign, that the angry Earth, to be revenged of the Gods, brought forth the *Titans*, as after, the *Gyants*; who, by throwing Mountains upon Mountains, attempted to scale the Heavens, and dis-inthroned *Jupiter*; who overthrew them with his Lightning, and cast those conjected Mountains upon them. *Pherecydes* the *Syrian* writes, how the Devils were cast out of Heaven by *Jupiter* (this Fall of the *Gyants* perhaps alluding to that of the Angels;) the chief called *Ophionius*, which signifies *Serpentine*; having after made use of that Creature, to poyson *Eve* with a false Ambition.

Is there a Mischief extant, greater then
 (a) Dire Python, or the Snake of (b) Lerna's Fen (breath?
 That poysons the pure Heavens with Viperous
 What God, from Gods deriv'd, oppress'd by Death,
 Is now in his own Heaven bewail'd? Divine
 (c) *Lyæus* gave to Man less precious Wine :
 (d) Not *Hercules* so many Monsters slew ;
 (e) Unshorn *Apollo* less in Physick knew.

(a) *Dire Python.*] A prodigious Serpent, which, after *Deucalion's* Flood, lay upon the Earth like a Mountain, and slain by *Apollo* ; the Sense of the Fable being merely physical ; for *Python*, born after the Deluge of the Humid Earth, was that great Exhalation, which arose from the late drowned World ; at length dissipated by the Fervour of the Sun, or *Apollo*.

*The Earth then soak'd in Showers, yet hardly dry,
 Threw up thick Clouds, which darkned all the Sky :*

This was that Python.—— Pont. Meteor.

The Word signifies Putrefaction: And because the Sun consumes the Putrefaction of Earth, his Beams darting from his Orb like Arrows, with his Arrows he is said to have slain *Python*:

(b) *Lerna's Fen.*] In this lay that venomous Serpent *Hydra*, which is said to have many Heads ; whereof one being cut off, two arose in the room, more terrible than the former ; and, with her poysonous Breath, to have infected all the Territories adjoining. This Fable had a relation to that place which, through the Eruption of Waters, annoyed the neighbouring Cities ; when one being stopped, many arose in the room : This *Hercules* perceiving, burnt them with Fire.

*Corruption boils away with Heat ;
 And forth superfluous Vapours sweat.*

But

But Physically, *Hydra* signifies Water ; and *Hercules*, according to *Macrobius*, presenteth the Sun, whose extraordinary Fervour dried up those noysom and infectious Vapours.

(c) *Lyæus gave to Man less precious Wine.*] *Lyæus* is a Name of *Bacchus*, because Wine refresheth the Heart, and freeth it from Sorrow. *Noah* was he who, immediately after the Flood, first planted a Vineyard, and shewed the Use of Wine unto Man : Wherefore some write, that, of *Noachus*, he was called *Boachus*, and after *Bacchus* by the Ethnicks, either by Contraction, or through ignorance of the Etymology. This Comparison hath relation to Christ's Conversion of Water into such excellent Wine at *Cana* in *Galilee*.

(d) *Not Hercules so many Monsters slew.*] *Hercules*, saith *Seneca*, travelled over the World, not to oppress it, but to free it from Oppressors ; and, by killing of Tyrants and Monsters, to preserve it in Tranquility. But how much more glorious were the Victories of Christ ; who, by suffering for Sin, subdued it ; led Captivity captive, was the death of Death ; triumphing over Hell, and those Spirits of Darkness.

(e) *Unshorn Apollo less in Physick knew.*] *Apollo*, to whom they attribute long yellow Hair, in regard of his beautiful Beams, is said to have invented the Art of Physick (his Name importing a Preservation from Evil) because the Sun is so powerful in producing Physical Simples, and so salubrious to our Bodies : When Christ, by his own Vertue, cured all Diseases ; gave Sight to the Blind by Birth, which surpasseth the power of Art ; threw out wicked Spirits from the tortured Bodies of the Possessed ; and called the Dead from their Beds of Death, to converse again with the Living.

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Sure we with Darknes are invelliped
 Because that innocent Blood by Envy shed,
 So dear unto the Gods, this place defam'd :
 Which shook the Earth, and made the Day asham'd.
 Great Father of us all, whose Influence
 Informs the World thou mad'st ; though Sin incense
 Thy just Displeasure, easie to forgive
 Those who confess, and for their Vices grieve ;
 Now to the desperate Sons of Men, who stray
 In Sin's dark Labyrinth, restore the Day.

One Sacrifice seek we to expiate
 All our Offences, and appease his Hate.

(f) Which the Religion of the *Samian*,

(g) Nor *Thracian* Harp, wild Beasts instructing, can ;

(f) Which the Religion of the Samean.] Of *Pythagoras* of *Samos* ; who, by his Doctrine and Example, withdrew the *Crotonians* from Luxury and Idleness, to Temperance and Industry ; calming the Perturbations of the Mind with the Musick of his Harp : For he held, that Vertue, Strength, all Good, and even God himself consisted of Harmony : That God was the Soul of the World, from whence each Creature received his Life ; and dying, restored it. And, lest it might be doubted, that the Souls of all had not one Original, in regard of their different Understandings, he alledged how that proceeded from the natural Complexion and Composition of the Body, as more or less perfect : Whose Opinions are thus delivered by *Virgil*.

*The arched Heavens, round Earth, the liquid Plain,
 The Moon's bright Orb, and Stars Titanian,
 A Soul within sustains, whose Vertues pass
 Through every part, and mix with that huge Mass.
 Hence Men, hence Beasts, whatever fly with Wing,
 And Monsters in the Marble Ocean spring :
 Of Seed divine, and fiery Vigour, full ;
 But what gross Flesh, and dying Member, dull.
 Thence Fear, Desire, Grief, Joy ; nor more regard
 Their Heavenly Birth, in those blind Prisons barr'd.*

Ancid. lib. 6.

Moreover, he held, that this visible Soul, or God-head, diffused throughout all the World, got it self such diversity of Names, by the manifold Operations which it effected in every part of the visible Universe.

(g) *Nor Thracian Harp, wild Beasts instructing, can.]*
 Orpheus of Thrace ; who, with the Musick of his Harp and Voice, attracted even Beasts, and senseless Stones to hear him. The Moral of which Fable may parallel with that of *Amphion* :

*Orpheus, the Gods Interpreter, from Blood
 Rude Men at first deterr'd, and savage Food :
 Hence said, to have Tygers and fell Lyons tam'd.
 Amphion so, who Theban Bulwarks fram'd,
 To have led the Stones with Musick of his Lute,
 And mild Requests. Of old, in high Repute :
 Publick from Private, Sacred from Profane,
 To separate ; and wandring Lust restrain*

*With Matrimonial Ties ; fair Cities raise,
Law's stamp in Brass. This gave the honour'd Bays
To sacred Poets, and to Verse their Praise.*

Horat. de Art. Poet.

It is apparent by his Testament to his Scholar *Museus* (whereof certain Verses are recited by *Justin Martyr*) that his Opinion in Divinity was, in the main, agreeable with the sacred Scriptures : As, of one God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, the Author of all Good, and Punisher of all Evil ; exhorting him to the hearing and understanding of that Knowledge, which was revealed from Heaven ; meaning nothing else by those various Names which he gives to the Gods, but divine and natural Vertues ; shadowing God himself under the Name of *Jupiter*, to avoid the Envy and Danger of those Times ; as is almost evident by these Attributes.

*Omnipotent Jove ; the First, the Last of things ;
The Head, the Midst : All from Jove's Bounty springs.
Foundation of the Earth, and Starry Sky ;
A Male, a Female ; who can never dye.
Spirit of all : The Force of awful Fire ;
Source of the Sea ; Sun, Moon, th' Original,
The End of all things, and the King of all.
At first conceal'd ; then, by his wondrous Might,
And sacred Goodness, all produc'd to Light.*

(b) Nor

(b) Nor that Prophetick Boy, the Gleabs swart Son,
 Who taught the *Thuscans* Divination.
 The Blood, which from that mangled Body bled,
 Must purge our Sins, which we unjustly shed.
 Oh, smooth thy Brows! Receive the Innocence
 Of one for all; and with our Guilt dispence.
 For Sin, what greater Ransom can we pay?
 What worthier Offering on thy Altar lay?

(b) Nor that prophetick Boy, &c.] Of whom
Ovid:

*The Nymphs and Amazonian this amaz'd
 No less, than when the Tyrrhene Plow-man gaz'd
 Upon the fatal Clod, that mov'd alone;
 And, for a Humane Shape, exchang'd his own:
 With Infant Lips, that were but Earth of late,
 Reveald the Mysteries of future Fate:
 Whom Natives Tages call'd. He, first of all,
 Th' Hetrurians taught to tell what would befall.*

Met. lib. 15.

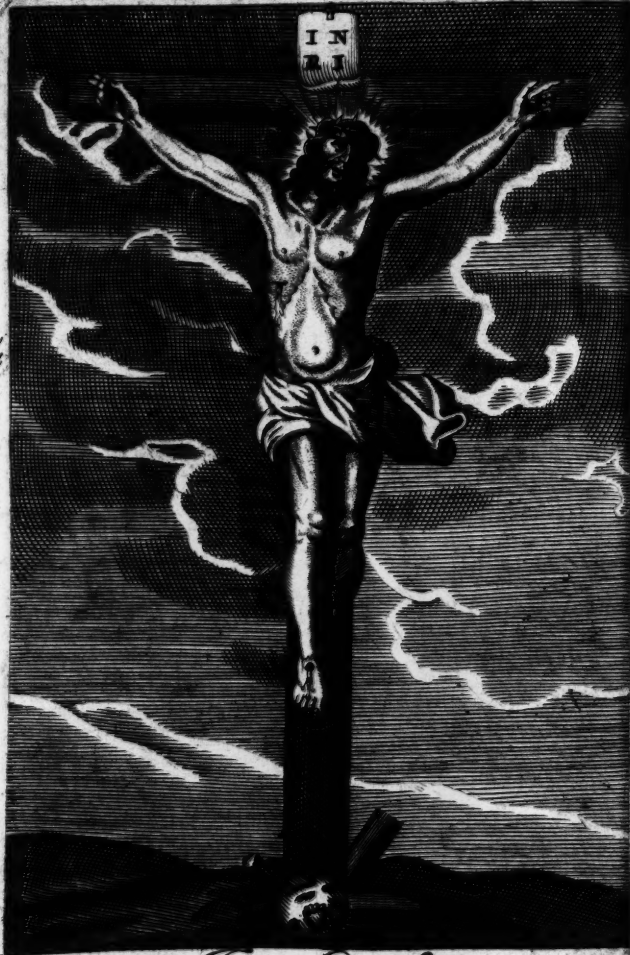
And Cicero, in his Second Book of Divination: Tages,
 when the Earth was turned up, and the Plough had made
 a deeper Impression, ascended (as they say) in the Tar-
 quinian Fields, and spake to the Tiller. It is written in
 the Hetrurian Records, that he was seen in the Form of
 a Boy, although old in Wisdom. The Husband-man ama-
 zed, and exalting his Voice, drew thither a great Con-
 course of People; and, within a while, all Thuscany:
 Who spake many Things in that populous Audience; by
 them

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them remembered, and committed to Writing. His Oration only contained the Discipline of Divination by the Entrails of Beasts; which after increased by Experience, but is referred to this Original. A Delusion of the Devils to introduce that Superstition.

ACT.

2.91



Jesus Crucifixus.

ACT V.

Joseph of Arimathea. Nicodemus.

SEE, Citizens, we *Pilate's* Bounty bear ;
Without a Suit Men cannot Man interr.
The *Roman* Progeny nor freely will
Do what is good ; nor, unrewarded Ill.
Nothing is now in use, but barbarous Vice :
They sell our Blood, on Graves they set a Price.

NICODEMUS.

O *Joseph*, those vain Extasies refrain :
But if it seem so pleasant to complain,
Let *Rome* alone, and seek a nearer Guilt :
His Blood, not *Romulus* Sons, but *Abraham's* spilt.
Whoso the purer Sense sincerely draws
From those Celestial Oracles and Laws,
By God above himself inspir'd, will say,
None led to Eternity a straighter Way.
What's that to *Pilate* ? Fell the Innocent by
A Roman Oath ? Was't through the Subtilty

Of

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Of Senators, or Priests? The Doom display'd,
 They *Cæsar* less than *Caiaphas* obey'd.
 Let us transfer the Fact: The impious *Jew*,
 With Heart, with Tongue and Eyes, first *Jesus* slew:
 The *Romans* only acted their Offence. (pence!
 How well the Heavens with *Hebrew* Hands dis-
 For this the *Jew*, th' *Italians* Crime envy'd,
 And wish'd himself the bloody Homicide.
 Do we as yet our Servitude lament,
 When such a Murther meets no Punishment?
 This do they, this command.-----

J O S E P H.

-----The Progeny
 Of *Roman Ilia*, and of *Sara*, I,
 With equal Detestation, execrate.
 (a) Oh, may they perish by a fearful Fate!
 Just Heaven, why sleeps thy Lightning! in a Shower
 of Pitch descend: Let stenching Seas devour
 This cursed City. *Sodom*, thou art clear,
 Compar'd to ours. No more will I a Tear

(a) *Oh, may they perish, &c.*] This Imprecation comprehends those following Calamities, which the Divine Vengeance inflicted on the *Jews*; more, and more horrid, than ever befel any other Nation.

Shed for my Country. (b) Let the Great in War,
 Worse than the *Babylonian Conqueror*,
 Enter her Breaches like a violent Flood,
 Until the bloody City swim in Blood.
 Is this too little? (c) Let Diseases sow
 Their fruitful Seed, and in Destruction grow :

(b) *Let the Great in War, &c.] Titus Vespasian* ;
 who besieged *Jerusalem*, when almost all the *Jewish*
 Nation was within the Walls, there met to celebrate
 the Passover ; who took it by Force, consumed the
 Temple with Fire, (which fell on that Day in which
 it was formerly burnt by the *Chaldeans*) and levelled
 the City with the Ground ; eleven hundred thousand
Jews there perishing by Famine, Pestilence, and the
 Sword ; another hundred thousand Captives were pub-
 licly sold, for a *Roman* Penny a *Jew* ; and sixteen thou-
 sand sent to *Alexandria*, for servile Employments ; two
 thousand of the most beautiful and personable young
 Men reserved to attend on his Triumph ; who after,
 to delight the Spectators, were torn in pieces by wild
 Beasts in the *Amphitheatre*.

(c) *Let Diseases sow, &c.] During the Siege*, the Pe-
 stilence violently raged, proceeding from the Stench of
 dead Bodies, to whom they afforded no Burial, but pi-
 led them up in their Houses, or threw them over the
 Wall of the City.

(d) *Famine,*

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(d) Famine, in their dry Entrails take thy Sear;
What Nature most abhors, inforce to eat.

Let th' Infant tremble at his Father's Knife;

(e) The Babe re-enter her who gave it Life.

(f) While yet the eager Foe invests the Wall,
Within may they, by their own Weapons fall:

The Temple wrap'd in Flames. (g) Let the Enemy
Decide their Civil Discord, and destroy,

With Fire and Sword, ungrateful *Solyra* :

(h) The Relicks of their Slaughter drive away;
Nor seventy Years dissolve their Servile Bands;

(i) Despis'd, and wretched, wander thro' all Lands :

(k) Abolish'd be their Law ; all Form of State :

No Day see their Return. Let sudden Fate

(d) *Famine, in their dry Entrails, &c.*] Unexpressible was the Famine they endured; and pitiful, if they themselves had had any pity; inforced to seeth their Girdles and Shooes, and fighting fiercely with one another for so course a Diet. Driven, in the End, to that Exigent, that they were fain to rake the Sinks and Privies, and to feed on that which was loathsome to behold; neither could they keep what they found from the Rapine of others.

(e) *The Babe re-enter her, &c.*] Hunger had so overcome Nature, that a Woman of Riches and Honour, named *Mary*, being daily robb'd of her Provision by the Seditious; slew her own Child which suck'd at her Breast; and having sodden one half thereof, eat it; when, at the scent of Flesh, they broke in upon her; who presented them with the rest, the Thieves then hardly

hardly refraining, though they trembled at so horrid a Spectacle.

(f) *While yet the eager Foe, &c.*] The Enemy assailed them without, and the Seditious massacred one another within: divided into three Parties; the Zealous, the *Idumean* Robbers, and the rest of the mutinous Citizens: But upon every Assault of the *Romans*, setting their private Hatred aside, united themselves, as if of one Mind, and with admirable Courage repulsed the Enemy; but, upon the least Cessation, renewed their bloody Discord; some beginning with their own Hands to set the Temple on fire.

(g) *Let th' Enemy, &c.*] See the Notes upon (b.)

(h) *The Relicks of their Slaughter.*] In the Days of *Adrian*, the *Jews* raised a new Commotion; of whom his Lieutenant, *Julius Severus*, slew five hundred and fourscore thousand; transporting the rest into *Spain*, by the Command of the Emperor. So that *Jewry* was then without *Jews*, as it continues to this present.

(i) *Despis'd, and wretched, wander, &c.*] Out of *Spain* they were banished, in the Year 1500. by *Ferdinand* and *Emanuel*: Now scattered throughout the whole World, and hated by those among whom they live; yet suffered, as a necessary Mischief: Subject to all Wrongs and Contumelies; who can patiently submit themselves to the Times, and to whatsoever may advance their Profit.

(k) *Abolish'd be their Law, &c.*] This they lost in the Destruction of their City: Yet daily expect that *Messias*, who is already come; and, as they believe, shall restore them to their Temporal Kingdom.

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Succeed my Curses. (1) This infected Soil
No more shall feed me. What unusual Toil
Shall my old Feet refuse, so they no more
Tread on this Earth! though to that unknown Shoar,
Which lies beneath the slow Boots Wain,
Dash'd by the unconstant Billows of that Main.
That Country shall be mine, where Justice sways;
And bold Integrity the Truth obeys.

NICODEMUS.

This Errour, with a secret Poyson, feeds
The Mind's Disease. Who censures his own Deeds?
Who not anothers? These accusing Times
Rather the Men condemn, than tax their Crimes.
Such is the Tyranny of Judgment; prone
To sentence all Offences, but our own:
Because of late we cry'd not, Crucifie;
Nor fallfely doom'd the Innocent to dye,

(1) *This infected Soil, &c.*] The Ecclesiastical Histories report, how *Joseph of Arimathea*, after he had suffered Imprisonment by the Envy of the *Jews*, and was delivered by an Angel, left his Country, and sailed to *Marseilles* in *France*: From thence, passing over into this Island, he preached the Gospel to the *Britains* and *Scots*: Who there exchanged this Life for a better.

Our

Our selves we please : as it a Vertue were ;
 A Great one, if from great Offences clear.
 Confess ; What Orator would plead his Cause ?
 To vindicate his Truth who urg'd the Laws ?
 Or once accus'd their bloody Suffrages,
 By Envy sign'd ? Who durst those Lords displease ?
 So Piety suffer'd, while by Speaking they,
 And we by Silence, did the Just betray.
 When Women openly their Zeal durst show,
 We, in acknowledging our Master, slow,
 Under the shady Coverture of Night
 Secur'd our Fears, which would not brook the Light
Joseph, at length, our Faith it self exprest ;
 But to the Dead.-----

J O S E P H.

-----This is a Truth confest.

The Evening now restored Day subdues :
 And lo, the Vigil with the Night ensues.
 Not far from *Golgotha's* infamous Rocks
 A Cave there is, hid with the shady Locks
 Of Funeral *Cypress*, hew'n through living Stone :
 The House of Death, as yet possess'd by none.
 My Age this chose for her eternal Rest ;
 Which now shall entertain a noblest Guest.
 That ample Stone, which shuts the Sepulchre,
 Shall the Inscription of his Vertues bear.

H

Who

98 CHRIST'S PASSION.

(m) Who knows but soon a holier Age may come,
When all the World shall celebrate this Tomb;
And Kings, as in a Temple, here adore; (Shoar?
Through Fire and Sword sought from the farthest

NICODEMUS.

Pure Water of the Spring, you precious Tears,
Perfumes which Odour-breathing *Saba* bears,

(m) *Who knows but soon a holier Age, &c.*] *Helena*, the Mother of *Constantine*, throwing down the Fane of *Venus*, which *Adrian* had erected on *Calvary*, covered both the Mount and Sepulchre with a magnificent Temple, which yet hath resisted the Injuries of Insolence and Time; and what was before without, in Reverence to the place, is now in the heart of the City. To recover this from the *Saracins*, divers of the Western Princes have unfortunately ventured their Persons and People; though *Godfrey* of *Bullein*, with an Army of three hundred thousand, made of the City and Country an absolute Conquest: Whose Successours held it for fourscore and nine Years, and then beaten out by *Saladin*, the *Egyptian* Sultan. Yet yearly is the Sepulchre visited, though now in the Possession of the *Turk*, from all parts of the World, by thousands of Christians; who there pay their Vows, and exercise their Devotions.

With

With your Preservatives his Body lave,
Sink through his Pores, and from Corruption save.
Nor God, nor Fate will suffer, that this pure,
This sacred Corps, should more than Death endure.
Religion, if thou know'st the Shades below,
Let never filthy Putrefaction flow
Through his uncover'd Bones; nor Waste of Time
Resolve this Heavenly Figure into Slime.

John. Mary the Mother of Jesus.

THou reverend Virgin, (*n*' of his Royal Blood,
Who all between the *Erythrean* Flood
And great *Euphrates* won by strenuous Arms;
Assume his noble Fortitude: Those Harms
Which press thy Soul, subdue: Ungentle Fate
Hath, by undoing thee, secur'd thy State. (*spent.*
Fortune her Strength, by her own Bloows, hath
Judea's Kingdom from thy Fathers wrent
By Foreign Hands; of ancient Wealth bereft;
Except thy Son, what was for Danger left?
These Storms, by Death dispers'd, serene appear:
For what hath Childless Poverty to fear?

(*n*) Of his Royal Blood, &c.] Of *David's*. See the Notes
upon (*f*) Act 2.

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upon (*f*) Act 2.

M A R Y.

O *John*, for thee in such Extreems to mourn
 Perhaps is new, but I to Grief was born.
 With this have we convers'd twice sixteen Year:
 No form of Sorrow hath beguil'd our Fears.
 To me how ominously the Prophets sung,
 Even from the time that heavenly Infant sprung
 In my chaste Womb ! Old *Simeon* this reveal'd ;
 And in my Soul the deadly Wound beheld.
 When one, among so many Infants slain,
 Was by the Tyrant's Weapons sought in vain,
 No Miracles had then his fame display'd,
 Or him the Object of their envy made.
 Perfidious Fraud in Sanctity's Disguise,
 Nor the adulterated Pharisies,
 By his Detection had he yet inflam'd ;
 Nor for despising of their Rites defam'd ;
 A Trumpet of Intestine War : The Earth
 Of nothing then accus'd him, but his Birth.
 (o) Not that fierce Prince, so cruel to his own ;
 (p) Nor his Successor in that fatal Throne,

(o) *Not that fierce Prince, &c.*] *Herod* the Great, the
 Murtherer of the Infants ; who put three of his Sons to
 death, with his Wife *Mariamme*, whom he frantickly af-
 fected.

(p) *Nor his Successor, &c.*] *'Herod Antipas*, who cut
 off the Head of *John the Baptist*.

As high in Vice, who with the Prophet's Head
 Supply'd his Feast, and on the Blood he had shed
 Fed his Incestuous Eyes, in dire Delight
 To heighten impious Love, could me affright:
 Nor yet the Vulgar, hating his free Tongue;
 And Showrs of Stones by a thousand Furies flung.
 I thought no Mischief could our Steps pursue
 That was more great, or to our Sufferings new.
 What wants Example, what no Mother fear'd:
 This, this alone my dying Hopes interr'd.
 Wretch, wilt thou seek for Words t'express thy Woes!
 Or this, so vast a Grief, in Silence close!
 Great God (such is my Faith) why wouldst thou come
 To this inferiour Kingdom through my Womb!
 Why mad'st thou Choice of me to bring the forth
 For Punishment! Unhappy in my Worth!
 No Woman ever Bare a Son, by Touch
 Of Man conceiv'd, whose Soul endures so much:
 No Mother such an Issue better gain'd,
 Nor lost it worse; by cursed Death prophan'd.

J O H N.

What louder Grief with such an Emphasis (this,
 Strikes through mine Ears! What honour'd Cross is
 With *Tyrian* Linen vail'd? What's he, whose Hairs
 Contend with Snow, whose Eyes look thro' their Tears?
 Who on those Veins, yet bleeding, Odours pours?
 Or his Assistant, crown'd with equal Hours?

102 CHRIST'S PASSION.

What troops of Women hither throng? What storms
Rise in their Looks? Grief wanders thro' all Forms.
My Eyes, ah! wound my Heart. This was the Son;
This is thy bloud, thy mangled Flesh. Oh, run!
Take thy last Kisses, e'er of those bereft
By Funeral: What else of all is left?

M A R Y.

My Soul, tir'd with long Misery,
Amidst these greater Sorrows dye;
While Grief, at his sad Exequies,
Pours out her last Complaints in these.
Let me this Snowy Pall unfold,
Once more those quickning Looks behold.
O Son, born to a sad Event;
Thus, thus, to thy poor Mother sent!
O *Salem*! was thy Hatred such,
To murder him who lov'd so much?
Ah, see! His Side gor'd with a Spear!
Those Hands, that late so bounteous were,
Transfix'd! His Feet pierc'd with one Wound!
The Sun had better never found
His Loss, than with restored Light
To shew the World so dire a Sight.
(g) You Neighbours to the Sun's Up-rise,
Who read their Motions in the Skies;

(g) *You Neighbours to the Sun's Up-rise.*] *The Persian Magi.*

Oh

Oh you, in chief, who found your Lord,
 And with such lively Zeal ador'd,
 Now view the Heaven's inverted Laws :
 With me bewail the wretched Cause.
 His Birth a Star, new kindled, sign'd :
 To see his Death, the Sun grew blind.
 Thou Hope of my afflicted State ;
 Thou living, I accus'd not Fate :
 The Day again with Light is crown'd,
 But thou in Night for ever drown'd.
 Oh, couldst thou see my broken Heart !
 The flowing Tears these Springs impart !
 Thy Mother, whom Man never knew ;
 Who by the Word then fruitful grew :
 My Womb admir'd that unknown Guest,
 Whose Burthen for nine Moons increast,
 Thy Mother, to a Sceptre born,
 With Age and wrinkling Sorrow worn,
 This Country sees to get her Bread
 With Labour, in an humble Shed.
 Thy Milk from these two Fountains sprung :
 These Arms about my Neck have hung,
 Couch'd on the flowery Banks of *Nile* :
Egypt, so just to thy Exile,
 Hath now redeem'd her former Curse ;
 Our *Jews*, than those of *Memphis*, worse,
 If his chaste Blood at length assuage
 The bitter Tempest of our Rage ;
 If you can pity Misery,
 Oh, let me by your Mercy dye ;

Or, if not glutted with his Blood,
 With mine increase this purple Flood.
 O my dear Son! what here our Eyes behold,
 What yonder hung, or what Death could infold
 In endless Night, is mine, and only mine.
 No Mortal did in thy Conception Joyn,
 Nor part of thee can challenge. Since the Loss
 Was only ours, let us the Grief ingross.
 Ungrateful Man, who his Protector slew,
 Nor feels his Curse, nor then his Blessing knew!
 Poor Wretch! No Soul in thy Defence durst rise:
 And now the Murdered unrevenged lies.
 The Lame, who by thy powerful Charms were made
 Sound and Swift-footed, ran not to thy Aid:
 Those Eyes, which never saw the glorious Light
 Before thy Sovereign Touch, avoid thy Sight.
 And others, from Death's silent Mansion by
 Thy Vertue ravish'd, suffer'd thee to dye.

J O H N.

Too true is thy Complaint, too just thy Woes:
 Such were his Friends, whom from a World he chose.
 O desperate Faith! from whence, from whom are we
 Thus sa'n! Our Souls from no Defection free!
 Some sold, forswore him; none from Tainture clear:
 All from him fled, to follow their own Fear.
 Thou Oracle! A Father in thy Care;
 In Love, a Brother; the Delinquent spare;

In

In thy Divine Affection, Oh, too blest !
 Whom yester-night saw leaning on thy Breast :
 If Love in Death survive, if yet as great ;
 Even by that Love, thy Pardon I intreat :
 By this, thy weeping Mother : I, the Heir,
 By thee adopted to thy Filial Care,
 Though alike wretched, and as comfortless ;
 Yet, as I can, will comfort her Distress.
 O Virgin-Mother, favour thy Relief ;
 Though just, yet moderate thy flowing Grief :
 Thy down-cast Mind by thy own Vertue raise.
 Th' old Prophets fill their Volumes with thy Praise !
 No Age but shall, through all the Round of Earth,
 Sing of that heavenly Love, and sacred Birth.
 What Female Glory parallels thy Worth !
 So grew a Mother, such a Son brought forth !
 She who prov'd fruitful in th' Extream of Age,
 And found the truth of that despis'd Prefage :
 She, whose sweet Babe, expos'd among the Reeds
 Which ancient *Nilus* with his Moisture feeds,
 Who, then a smiling Infant, overcame
 The threatening Flood ; aspir'd not to thy Fame.
 But these Expressions are for thee too low ;
 The op'ning Heavens did their Observance show :
 Those radiant Troops, which Darkness put to flight,
 Thy Throws assisted in that Festive Night :
 Who over thy adored Infant hung
 With Golden Wings, and *Alleluja's* sung :
 While the old Sky, to imitate that Birth,
 Bare a new Star to amaze the wondring Earth.

MART.

M A R T.

Sorrow is fled : Joy, a long banish'd Guest,
 With heavenly Rapture fills my enlarged Breast :
 More great than that in Youth, when from the Sky
 An Angel brought that blessed Embassy;
 When Shame, not soon instructed, blush'd for fear,
 How I a Son by such a Fate should bear.
 I greater things fore-see : My Eyes behold
 Whatever is by Destiny inroll'd.
 With Troops of pious Souls, more great than they,
 Thou to Felicity shalt lead the way.
 A holy People shall obey thy Throne ;
 And Heaven it self surrender thee thy own.
 Subjected Death thy Triumph now attends,
 While thou from thy demolish'd Tomb ascends.
 Nor shalt thou long be seen by mortal Eyes,
 But in Perfection mount above the Skies ;
 Propitious ever, from that Heighth shalt give
 Peace to the World, instructed how to live.
 A thousand Languages shall thee adore :
 Thy Empire know no Bounds. The farthest Shoar
 Wash'd by the Ocean, those who Day's bright Flame
 Scarce warms, shall hear the Thunder of thy Name.
 Licentious Swords, nor hostile Fury, shall
 Prevail against thee : Thou, the Lord of all.
 Those Tyrants, whom the vanquish'd Worlds obey,
 Before thy Feet shall *Cæsar's* Sceptre lay.

The

The Time draws on, in which it self must end,
When thou shalt in a Throne of Clouds descend
To judge the Earth. In that reformed World,
Those by their Sins infected, shall be hurl'd
Down under one perpetual Night; while they
Whom thou hast cleans'd, enjoy perpetual Day.

T H E E N D .

A

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